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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Doctor, &c. Vol. V. 12mo. pp. 387.
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SOMEBODY had whispered to us that the fifth and last volume of *The Doctor* was about to be published, and we cannot tell the mixed pleasure and concern we experienced. To anticipate some hours of rational delight and amusement, occasioned the former; to think they were the last for which we should be indebted to the author, induced a much larger degree of the latter. For *The Doctor* has grown upon us; and, much as we liked him at first, we like him more and more the more he expatiates on Dr. Dove, and all that might be attached by a writer of prolific mind and great reading to any individual that ever existed to give title to a book. What, then, was our gratification, on turning to the closing page, to see, not "the end," but only, "End of Vol. V."—So, we shall have a continuation, and we are thankful. These pages, too, have evidently been written seven or eight years ago; and how many curious illustrations to their sequel have sprung up since then, which, we doubt not, will supply much interesting matter to an author who thus truly describes his various and branching course:—

"Learned and discreet reader, if you should not always discern the track of associations over which I have passed as fleetly as Camilla over the standing corn;—if the story which I am relating to thee should seem in its course sometimes to double like a hare in her flight, or in her sport,—sometimes to bound forward like a jerboa, or kangaroo, and with such a bound, that, like Milton's Satan, it overleaps all bounds; or even to skip like a flea, so as to be here, there, and every where, taking any direction rather than that which will bring it within your catch;—learned and discreet reader, if any of these similitudes should have occurred to you, think of Pindar, read Landor's 'Gehir,' and remember what Mr. Coleridge has said for himself formerly, and prophetically for me, *intelligenda non intellectum adfero*. Would you have me plod forward like a tortoise in my narration, foot after foot in minute steps, dragging his slow tail along? Or, with such deliberate preparation for progressive motion, that, like a snail, the slime of my way should be discernible? A by-stander at chess, who is ignorant of the game, presently understands the straight and lateral movement of the rooks, the diagonal one of the bishops, and the power which the queen possesses of using both. But the knight perplexes him, till he discovers that the knight's leap, eccentric as at first it seems, is, nevertheless, strictly regulated. We speak of erratic motions among the heavenly bodies; but, it is because the course they hold is far beyond our finite comprehension. Therefore, I entreat thee, dear reader, thou who hast the eye of a hawk or of a sea-gull, and the intellectual speed of a greyhound, do not content thyself with glancing over this book, as an Italian poet says,

Precipitabis involvmentis.

But, I need not exhort thee thus, who art quick to apprehend, and quick to feel, and sure

to like at first sight whatever, upon better acquaintance, deserves to be loved."

We shall, however, begin at the beginning; and from a number of precluded mottoes, the connexion of which we do not exactly perceive, select one as a specimen:—

"I am studying the art of patience:—to drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow, neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time. The patientest man in the world match me for an experiment!"

The volume itself opens with a very Shandean subject, the pre-birth and parentage of Dr. Dove's horse; which required all the writer's delicacy of treatment, and has a full share of his humour. For instance, —

"It's as fine a foal as ever was dropt, said Nicholas, but, I should as soon thought of dropping one myself. If thou hadst, Nicholas, replied the doctor, 'twould have been a foal with longer ears, and a cross upon the shoulders. But I am heartily glad that it has happened to the mare rather than to thee; for, in the first place, thou wouldest hardly have got so well through it, as, with all my experience, I should have been at a loss how to have rendered thee any assistance; and, secondly, Nicholas, I should have been equally at a loss how to account for the circumstance, which certainly never could have been accounted for in so satisfactory a manner. The birth of this extraordinary foal supports a fact which the wise ancients have attested, and the moderns, in their presumptuous ignorance, have been pleased to disbelieve: it also agrees with a notion which I have long been disposed to entertain. But, had it been thy case, instead of the mare's, it would have been to no purpose, except to contradict all facts, and confound all notions."

The horse itself, and the question of a name for it (leading to much amusing remark on both points), occupy about half the volume: and we select a few passages to afford a taste of the whimsical measure of learning and pleasantry which is expended on names and on horses. And first of the first:—

"Lancashire is the county in which the gooseberry has been most cultivated; there is a gooseberry book annually printed at Manchester; and the Manchester newspapers recording the death of a person, and saying that he bore a severe illness with Christian fortitude and resignation, add that he was much esteemed among the class of gooseberry growers. A harmless class they must needs be deemed; but, even in growing gooseberries, emulation may be carried too far. The Royal Sovereign, which, in 1794, was grown by George Cook, of Ashton, near Preston, which weighed seventeen pennyweights, eighteen grains, was thought a royal gooseberry at that day. But, the growth of gooseberries keeps pace with the march of intellect. In 1830, the largest yellow gooseberry on record was shewn at Stockport; it weighed thirty-two pennyweights, thirteen grains, and was named the Teazer. The largest red one was the Roaring Lion, of thirty-one pennyweights, thirteen grains, shewn at Nantwich; and the largest

white, was the Ostrich, shewn at Ormskirk; falling far short of the others, and yet weighing twenty-four pennyweights, twenty grains. They have been grown as large as pigeons' eggs. But, the fruit is not improved by the forced culture which increases its size. The gooseberry growers who shew for the prizes which are annually offered, thin the fruit so as to leave but two or three berries on a branch; even then prizes are not gained by fair dealing: they contrive to support a small cup under each of these, so that the fruit shall for some weeks rest in water that covers about a fourth part, and this they call suckling the gooseberry.

"Of pears, the *Bon Chrétien*, called by English gardeners the Bum-Gritton, the *Téton de Vénus* and the *Cuisse Madame*, three names which equally mark the country from whence they came. The last Bishop of Alais before the French Revolution, visiting a rector once who was very rich and very avaricious, gave him some gentle admonitory hint of the character he had heard of him. '*Mais, monseigneur*,' said the man, '*il faut garder une poire pour la soif*.' 'Vous avez bien raison,' replied the bishop: '*prenez garde seulement qu'elle soit du bon Chrétien*.' The first Lord Camelford, in one of whose letters this pun is preserved, thought it perfect."

Still on names, we are told:—

"It is known, upon testimony which has received the sanction of the holy office, that Lucifer has three lord-lieutenants, whose names are Aquias, Brum, and Acatu: whether the second assumed his name in prospective compliment to the queen's attorney-general, or whether the name itself has some appropriate and amiable signification in the infernal tongue, must be left to conjecture. These lord-lieutenants were sent with a whole army of devils to make war against a person of the feminine gender, called, in her own language, Anna de Santiago, but in the language of Hell, Cataraxa, which, according to the interpretation given by the devils themselves, means the Strong Woman. The general was named Catcatis, and the names of the subordinate commanders have been faithfully recorded by a Franciscan chronicler of unquestioned veracity, for the use of exorcists, experience having shewn that it is of signal use in their profession to know the names of the enemies with whom they are contending; the devils, perhaps, having learnt from the lawyers (who are able to teach the devil) to take advantage of a misnomer. This, indeed, is so probable, that it cannot be superfluous to point out to exorcists a received error, which must often have frustrated their laudable endeavours, if the same literal accuracy be required in their processes as in those of the law. They, no doubt, have always addressed the Prince of the Devils by the name of Beelzebub, but his real name is Beelzebub; and so St. Jerome found it in all his manuscripts, but not understanding what was then the common and true reading, he altered Βελζεβου into Βελζεβου, by which he made the word significant to himself, but enabled Beelzebub to quash all actions of exorcism preferred against him in this false name. The value of

this information will be appreciated in Roman Catholic countries. Gentlemen of the long robe will think it beautiful; and I have this additional motive for communicating it, to wit, that it may be a warning to all verbal critics. I now return to my nomenclature. If a catalogue of plants or animals in a newly discovered country be justly esteemed curious, how much more curious must a genuine muster-roll of devils be esteemed, all being devils of rank and consequence in the Satanic service. It is to Anna de Santiago herself that we are originally beholden for it, when at her confessor's desire,

Θεός ὁ ἀποκαθάρσιν πάντας

Τους διαποταγμένους.

'The reader (as Fuller says) will not be offended with their hard names here following, seeing his eye may run them over in perusing them, though his tongue never touch them in pronouncing them.' And when he thinks how many private and non-commissioned officers go to make up a legion, he may easily believe that Owen Glendower might have held Hotspur

'At least nine hours

In reckoning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys.'

Barca, Maquins, Acatam, Go, Arri, Macaquins, Ju, Mocatam, Arra, Vi, Macutu, Laca, Ma-chehe, Abirim, Maracatu, Majacatam, Barra-Matu, the Great Dog (this was a dumb devil), Arracatorra, Mayca, Oy, Aleu, Malacatan, Mantu, Arraba, Emay, Alacamita, Olu, Ayvatu, Arremahur, Aycotan, Lacahabarratu, Oguer, racatam, Jamacatia, Mayacatu, Ayciay, Balla, Luachi, Mayay, Buzache, Berri, Berram, Mal-dequita, Bemaqui, Moricastatu, Anciaquias, Zamata, Bu, Zamcapatujas, Bellocatuxia, Go, Bajaque, and Baa,—which seems but a sheepish name for a devil. Can there be yet a roll of names more portentous in appearance, more formidable in sound, more dangerous in utterance? Look, reader, at the ensuing array, and judge for thyself; look, I say, and mentally peruse it; but attempt not to enunciate the words, lest thou shouldst loosen thy teeth or fracture them in the operation. Angheteduff, otherwise Anghutuduffe, otherwise Ballyhaise, Kealdragh, Caveneboy, Aghugrenose, otherwise Aghagremous, Killataven, Kilnaverley, Kelvorybyegg, Tonnegh, Briebhill, Dromdroy, Amraghduffe, Drumhermshanbeeg, Dranhill, Cormaghscarglin, Corlybeeg, Cornashogagh, Dromhome, Trimmigan, Knocklyneagh, Carrigmore, Clementegrit, Leedamenhuffe, Correamyhy, Aghnielanagher, otherwise Agnigamagh, Pritage, Aghniagim, Tobogamagh, Dromaragh, otherwise Dromavragh, Knockamyhee, Lessnagvan, Kellarne, Gargaran, Cormodyduffe, Curraghchinrin, Annageocry, Brocklagh, Agh-maihi, Drungvin, otherwise Dungen, Dungen-begg, Dungenmore, Sheina, Dremcarplin, Shaghtany, Knocksegart, Keillagh, Tintlaghcoole, Tintlagheryagh, Lyssybrogan, Lyssgallah, Langarriah, Sheanmullagh, Celgvane, Drombomore, Lissgarre, Tontancany, Knockadawe, Drom-boobegg, Drumpampurne, Listiarta, Omrefada, Corranoye, Corrottober, Clere, Biagbire, Lurgriagh, Tartine, Drumburne, Aghanamaghan, Lusmakkeragh, Nucaine, Cornamuck, Crosse, Coyleagh, Cnocknatratin, Toanmore, Ragasky, Longamonihity, Atteantity, Knock-fodda, Tonaghmore, Drumgrestin, Owley, Dronan, Vushinagh, Carricknascan, Lysanhan, otherwise Lyssseyahanan, Knockaduyne, Drom-kurin, Lissmakkerke, Dromgowhan, Raghege, Dromacharand, Moneyneriogh, Drinsrily, Drom-millan, Agnylyly, Gnockantry, Elynn, Keileranny, otherwise Kulrany, Koraneagh, and Duigary. 'Mercy on us!' says the reader, 'what are these?' Have patience, reader, we

have not done yet: there are still—Magheryllagh, Drung, Clefern, Castleterra, Killana, Moybolgace, Kilfort, Templefort, Killaghadon, Laragh, Cloncaughy, Annaghgiliffe, Towninmore, Rathany, Drumgoone, Tyrelatrada, Lurganboy, Ballyclanphillip, Killinkery, Ballintampel, Kilbride, Crosserlough, Drumlaw-naught, Killanaburgh, Kilsherdan, otherwise Killersherding, Dremakellen, Aughaurain, Drumgrest, and Shanaraghan. 'For mercy's sake,' exclaims the reader, 'enough! enough! what are they?' The latter, dear reader, are all Poles and Termons. And the whole of them were set up for sale by public cant in Dublin, pursuant to a decree of his majesty's high court of chancery in Ireland, dated the 18th of May, 1816."

The dispute for the foal's name between Nicholas Outley and Barnaby Sutton is finally compromised by their master taking their initials, and calling N. O. B. S., *Nobs* (it might have been *Snob*); but not without much drollery touching the previous discussion and the methods taken to settle the respective claims of the godfathers. They had chosen an umpire, one John Atkinson, and—

'Having made them shake hands, and promise to abide by the issue, he went before them to the goal, and got on the other side to give the signal and act as umpire. One!—two!—three and away! They were off like race-horses. They jostled mid-way. It was neck and neck. And each laid his hand at the same moment on the gate. John Atkinson then bethought him that it would be a more sensible way of deciding the dispute, if they were to drink for it, and see who could swallow most ale at the Black Bull, where the current barrel was much to his taste. At the Black Bull, therefore, they met in the evening. John chalked pint for pint; but, for the sake of good fellowship, he drank pint for pint also; the landlord (honest Matthew Sykes) entered into the spirit of the contest, and, when his wife refused to draw any more beer, went for it himself as long as he had a leg to stand on, or a hand to carry the jug, and longer than any one of the party could keep the score. The next day they agreed to settle it by a sober game at Beggar-my-Neighbour. It was a singular game. The cards were dealt with such equality, that, after the first round had shewn the respective hands, the ablest calculator would have been doubtful on which side to have betted. Captures were made and remade,—the game had all and more than all its usual ups and downs, and it ended in tying the two last cards. Never in any contest had Jupiter held the scales with a more even hand. 'The devil is in the business to be sure,' said Nicholas, 'let us toss up for it!' 'Done,' said Barnaby; and Nicholas, placing a halfpenny on his thumb-nail, sent it whizzing into the air. 'Tails!' quoth Barnaby. 'Tis heads,' cried Nicholas, 'hurrah!' Barnaby stamp with his right foot for vexation—lifted his right arm to his head, drew in his breath with one of those sounds which grammarians would class among interjections, if they could express them by letters, and swore that if it had been an honest halfpenny, it would never have served him so! He picked it, and it proved to be a *Brummagem* of the coarsest and clumsiest kind, with a head on each side. They now agreed that the devil certainly must be in it, and determined to lay the whole case before the doctor."

Of his own determination into Nobs, we are informed:—

"Perhaps the doctor remembered Smectym-

nus at that time, and the notorious Cabal, and the fanciful etymology that, because news comes from all parts, and the letters N.E.W.S. stand for North, East, West, and South, the word was thence compounded. Perhaps, also, he called to mind that Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon, the famous Maimonides, was called Rambam from the initials of his titles and his names; and that the great Gustavus Adolphus, when he travelled incognito, assumed the name of M. Gars, being the four initials of his name and title. He certainly did not remember, that in the Dialogue of Solomon and Saturnus the name of Adam is said to have been in like manner derived from the four angels, Archex, Dux, Arocholem, and Minsymbrie. He did not remember this, because he never knew it; this very curious Anglo-Saxon poem existing hitherto only in manuscript."

With regard to the game of "Beggar-em," as it is called in the North, we may as well give the recipe for the best way of playing it, and recommend the same to our friends who happen to be young and idle, when their time hangs heavy on their hands:—

"You take up trick by trick. The trump, as at other games, takes every other suit. If suit is not followed, the leader wins the trick; but if it is, the highest card is the winner. These rules being observed (I give them because they will not be found in Hoyle) the game is regular, and affords combinations worthy to have exercised the power of that calculating machine of flesh and blood, called Jedediah Buxton."

The wager by tossing is also illustrated by a laughable story.

"An organist, not without some celebrity in his day (Jeremiah Clark was his name), being hopelessly in love with a very beautiful lady, far above his station in life, determined upon suicide, and walked into the fields to accomplish his purpose. Coming to a retired spot where there was a convenient pond, surrounded with equally convenient trees, he hesitated which to prefer, whether to choose a dry death, or a watery one: perhaps he had never heard of the old riddle concerning *Elia Lælia Crispis*, which no *Œdipus* has yet solved. But that he might not continue like *the ass* between two bundles of hay in the sophism, or Mahomet's coffin in the fable, he tossed a halfpenny in the air to decide whether he should hang or drown himself, and the halfpenny stuck edgewise in the dirt. The most determined idler would at such a moment have felt that this was more than accident. Clark, as may well be supposed, went home again; but the salutary impression did not remain upon his poor disordered mind, and he shot himself soon afterwards."

[To be continued.]

Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their Possession. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 480. London, 1838. Murray.

UPON reading the first volume of a work like this, it would be premature and presumptuous to offer an opinion as to the importance of the whole, when finished; but we may truly say, that it is impossible to proceed, even so far as we have done, without being sensible of the fact, that a production of greater historical interest could hardly be anticipated. Much as has been written on the period it embraces, there are, as every one acquainted with our national annals is aware, many spots involved in extreme obscurity, and many political move-

ments of the highest consequence yet to be traced to their sources, in their contemporaneous operations, and in their effects, even on the present day.

To the actual correspondence of one so pre-eminently engaged in these concerns as the Earl of Chatham, *quorum pars magna fuit*; of one so conspicuous in the most momentous public acts, and so deeply acquainted in all the secret machinery of political diplomacy, foreign and domestic, we cannot but look for lights of no ordinary character. And, indeed, this volume is alone sufficient to stamp the value of the publication, for we have not seen another possessed of more varied and engrossing interest. The very names of the parties to whom it relates, the persons by whom the letters were written, and those to whom they were addressed, possess strong attractions; and those attractions are not diminished when we come to the subjects adverted to or discussed. They are so immediate, and bear so distinctly upon every national question still dependant amongst us, for good or for evil, that, perused with calmness and consideration, never did history offer more instructive lessons for present guidance than are contained in this correspondence.

Of so standard a work, which will directly pass into every library, we might refrain from saying more; but we cannot resist the temptation to enrich our own columns with a few examples of its diversified nature—for we have the ambition to hope that the *Literary Gazette* will reach many a sphere where these volumes cannot penetrate, and, both now and hereafter, convey and preserve an idea of their qualities, which could not otherwise have been attained.

William Pitt, the Earl of Chatham, was born in 1708. In 1735, took his seat in parliament for Old Sarum, (ex-scheduled A.) Passed through various official offices, and, in December 1756, kissed hands as secretary of state. With the intermission of two months, he held the seals till October 1761. In 1766, he formed an administration, and took the office of privy seal, was created Earl of Chatham; and, though a martyr to gout, he carried on the affairs of the country till October 1768, when he resigned, and never again served as a minister of the crown. He died 11th of May, 1778.

These dates should be kept in mind whilst perusing the correspondence.

In 1764, he married Hester, only daughter of Richard Grenville, of Walton, and Hester Countess Temple, by whom he had five children, three sons, and two daughters.

The letters commence in 1741, of which there are only two, and a hiatus ensues to 1746; during which year, and 1747 and 48, there are about a dozen, chiefly relating to the war on the Continent. Another dozen belong to 1750, 51, and 52, and refer to the Duke of Newcastle's cabinet disputes with his brother, Mr. Pelham, to the Spanish treaty, and other miscellaneous topics. 1753 is a blank. 1754, and several later years, are distinguished by letters to and from his nephew, Thomas Pitt, on literary topics; which we pass, as they have been, principally if not all, already published separately by Lord Grenville. But, at this time, there is a letter to Lord Hardwicke, in which the future idolised statesman so vividly paints the royal aversion under which he laboured, that we cannot help quoting it.

"It is (he writes) very kind and generous in your lordship, to suggest a ray of distant, general hope, to a man you see despairing;

and to turn his view forward from the present scene to a future. But, my lord, after having set out under suggestions of this general hope ten years ago, and bearing long a load of obloquy for supporting the king's measures, and never obtaining, in recompense, the smallest remission of that displeasure I vainly laboured to soften; all ardour for public business is really extinguished in my mind, and I am totally deprived of all consideration by which alone I could have been of any use. The weight of irremovable royal displeasure is a load too great to move under: it must crush any man; it has sunk and broke me. I succumb; and wish for nothing but a decent and innocent retreat, wherein I may no longer, by continuing in the public stream of promotion, for ever stick fast aground, and afford to the world the ridiculous spectacle of being passed by every boat that navigates the same river. To speak without a figure, I will presume upon your lordship's great goodness to me, to tell my utmost wish:—it is, that a retreat, not void of advantage, or derogatory to the rank of the office I hold, might, as soon as practicable, be opened to me. In this view, I take the liberty to recommend myself to your lordship's friendship, as I have done to the Duke of Newcastle's. Out of his grace's immediate province, accommodations of this kind arise; and to your joint protection, and to that only, I wish to owe the future satisfaction of my life."

When he did come into the ministry as secretary of state, we have a striking description of Cabinet Making, in a letter to him from Earl Temple.

"My dear Pitt,—At my return here, I found Sir Richard and Jenny waiting for me, to inform me of a very disagreeable scene which had passed the preceding day, betwixt them and the Townshends, in which Charles was a principal actor; which ended, however, very peaceably, and promises to go on still better, provided the place of cofferer can be procured for Charles. This is now made by them (the Townshends) a *sine qua non*, and reclaimed as a promise, the breach of which is to be deemed a violation of our private honour. There is great discontent, too, hanging about the friends, real or pretended, of Lord Pulteney, under an idea that he is very ill used, if not taken care of in this arrangement. If the cofferer's place can be obtained, the Townshends are to be most friendly, &c. Under these impressions, I immediately went to the Duke of Devonshire, and stated these parts to him in their full strength, and in such a manner as did not in the least seem to hurt him. He dreads the attempt of removing the Duke of Leeds, &c., but will send for Duplin in the morning, and try with him, and by him, to arrange something that may answer our purpose, if possible. He told me, that this morning the Duke of Newcastle had been in with the king a considerable time; that the Duke of Devonshire found the king ruffled; that he had only patience to cast his eye over one page of the Duke of Devonshire's list; that he objected, in the strongest manner, to the promotion of Potter, as a thing unheard of at the first step in his service, &c. Ellis, the king will not make secretary of war, preferring Barrington; consequently, there is no vacancy for Potter, but by a new destination of one of the glorious triumvirate. The jewel office is opened, by Lord Breadalbane's going to chief justice-in-eyre. Sir Richard Lyttelton's name stands for that; but Sir Richard does not like it by any means, as

it is not a place of particular dignity, nor of much profit. Lord Bateman, and Dick Edgcombe, the two staves; upon which I offered to Sir Richard to renew his pretensions to comptroller; but that he declines, from an impossibility of going through the courtly attendance. He points at Lord Hillsborough's office, whom the king will not make a peer, to the reversion of Dodington's Irish office, or in short, to any thing or nothing, in the kindest and most most obliging manner; but he thinks the jewel office, being better than the admiralty, may be agreeable, and would suit very well for Jack Pitt. Half the pay office is open at our disposal. If cofferer cannot be vacated, and that they would put George Grenville to the pay office, providing for Duplin, treasurer of the navy would open, and, I suppose, still better satisfy Charles. What is to be done concerning Potter? You must tell me. Treasurer of the chamber I suppose might do; but then there is no cloth left for Duplin's coat, nor for Sir Richard's, unless we can procure that same reversion. On Thursday, the duke is to see the king again. Legge tells me his grace has spoken pretty firmly, and will do it more so, if necessary; but how all this is to be arranged I scarce see, without much disagreeable explanation. I wish to God your fertile brain was not confined in bed. Let Lady Hester write me your thoughts concerning the Townshends, who I hear go to you, and Lord Pulteney, &c. Enter the great and kind Jenny, who will bring you this letter, and to me you answer, &c. Adieu. For God's sake, get well.

"TEMPLE."

At this period, a passage in a letter of General Lord Tyravly appears to us very remarkable from so able a man, and relating to so important a place as Gibraltar, of which he was governor. He writes—

"As to Gibraltar, I take for granted it will be extremely quiet; for I do not see that we do ourselves much good, or any body else any hurt, by our being in possession of it. If any thing can tempt any body to besiege it, it will be the fatherless and motherless defenceless state it has been suffered to run into; all which I have fully represented at home, where I thought it was most proper."

The gloomy war of the ensuing two or three years, though brightened by some brilliant affairs, and ultimately closed with honour and glory, fill the ensuing pages to the year 1759; and we shall now extract a few letters, &c. which seem to us most likely to engage the attention of our readers.

Under the date of July 31, 1746, Mr. Peregrine Furze, of the paymaster-general's office, states the following startling fact in a letter to Mr. Pitt.

"The Pretender is wandering, in a most infirm condition, on one of the mountains, with one O'Neil. Two detachments, one of dragoons and another of foot, are after him, and it is mentioned without reserve, that they have orders to despatch him, wherever he can be found. Mr. Townley, with the other prisoners, was executed yesterday, notwithstanding a letter from M. D'Argenson came the day before in his behalf, by the canal of one M. Carpentier, to the Duke of Newcastle."

Beckford, the famous lord mayor of London, appears prominently in this correspondence. We copy a letter of his to Mr. Pitt:

"Fonthill, Sept. 11, 1754.

"Dear Sir,—I should not have troubled you with this letter, could I have done myself the honour of waiting on you as soon as I intended;

but particular business prevents my leaving this place for some time. This last action of the King of Prussia is glorious indeed. His enemies had almost surrounded him, and drove him into their toils, and nothing but the greatest good conduct, supported by an equal degree of courage, could have extricated him out of such difficulties. We have now reason to hope a happy issue of this campaign. Such events as these should, and I hope will, raise our ardour. France is our object, perfidious France: reduce her power, and Europe will be at rest. This cannot be done in any other way than by destroying those resources from whence she draws money to bribe Germany and the northern powers against their own interest. I mentioned in my last an attempt to the southward, which I am sure will succeed under a wise and active general, one who shall not delight in calling councils of war—such an one as Amherst has shewn himself. Whatever is attempted in that climate must be done *uno impetu*; a general must fight his men off directly, and not give them time to die by drink and disease; which has been the case in all our southern expeditions, as I can testify by my own experience, having been a volunteer in the last war. The island I mentioned has but one town of strength; take that, and the whole country is yours; all the inhabitants must submit for want of food, for they live from hand to mouth, and have not victuals to support themselves and numerous slaves for one month, without a foreign supply. The negroes and stock of that island are worth above four millions sterling, and the conquest easy; as I can explain, when I have the pleasure of seeing you. For God's sake attempt it without delay and noise; as you may do by a force from the northward. Fix your rendezvous at one of our own islands in the neighbourhood, where you may find pilots, procure intelligence, and may be furnished with negroes in any quantity, to do the drudgery of the camp. *Verbum sat sapienti*; but to such a one as yourself, half a word is sufficient. Adieu, dear sir, and believe me to be, as I really am, your ever faithful and affectionate humble servant,

"WILL. BECKFORD."

Negotiations for garters and places shall not detain us from letters which relate to such a hero as Wolfe, and others of curious or more interesting matter. After the battle of Minden, we have a powerful example of Mr. Pitt's character in a letter to Lord George Sackville, who had been recalled, and demanded a court-martial.

"September 9, 1759.

"My Lord,—I have the honour of a letter from your lordship, with a copy of one from you to Lord Holderness, requesting a public opportunity of justifying your conduct by a court-martial; wherein I wish your lordship all success. You are pleased to make very undeserved acknowledgments for such offices only of common candour and humanity, as I judged it consistent with my duty to the king and zeal for the service to employ; but those officers went no further than using endeavours that your lordship might return from your command by his majesty's permission, not by order. I hope you will think it is the same temper of mind which at present compels me to deal frankly on this very unhappy and delicate occasion, where delusion might prove dangerous. Give me leave, then, to say, that I find myself (from the turn of your lordship's letter) under the painful necessity of declaring my infinite concern at not having been able to find, either from Captain Smith's conversation, or from your own state of facts, room, as I wished, for me to offer my

support, with regard to a conduct which, perhaps, my incompetence to judge of military questions, leaves me at a loss to account for. I cannot enough lament the subject of a correspondence so unlike every thing I have wished for a person to whose advantageous situation my poor endeavours had not been wanting. I am, with respect, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

W. PITT."

How opposite Wolfe! After his glorious fall, Lord Chatham did every thing that a minister could do for his fame, his friends, and his family. We have, among others, a touching letter from the hero's mother.

"Mrs. Wolfe to Mr. Pitt.

"Blackheath, November 30, 1759.

"Sir,—The great honour of your letter of the 28th does me, has given me resolution, which no other consideration could do, to make an application, which I hope, sir, you will not disapprove. My dear son, not knowing the disposition his father had made of his fortune—which was wholly settled on me for life, and magnified by fame greatly beyond what it really is—has left to his friends more than a third part of it; and, though I should have the greatest pleasure imaginable in discharging these legacies in my lifetime, I cannot do it without distressing myself to the highest degree. My request to you, good and great sir, is, that you will honour me with your instructions, how I may, in the properest manner, address his majesty for a pension, to enable me to fulfil the generous and kind intentions of my most dear lost son to his friends, and to live like the relict of General Wolfe,* and General Wolfe's mother. I hope, sir, you will pardon this liberty. I have the honour to be, with great respect, sir, your most obliged and most obedient, humble servant,

"H. WOLFE."+

In "Macbeth" the stirring question is asked, "Stands Scotland where it did?" but if we read the following, we need hardly inquire "Stands Ireland where it did?"

"The Right Hon. Richard Rigby to Mr. Pitt.

"Dublin Castle, December 23, 1759.

"Dear Sir,—I think myself much honoured by the receipt of your private letter of Thursday last, by Garstin the messenger, who, by a most expeditious passage, arrived here this afternoon. The packet is to sail early to-morrow; and, although the Duke of Bedford cannot possibly have time to prepare his letters to you so soon, yet I think it highly necessary for me not to neglect the first opportunity of acknowledging the receipt and returning you my thanks for your letter. Be assured, sir, that however serious you and the rest of the king's servants have seen this enormous outrage, you cannot form a conception of it more full of indignity than I have. It is difficult to assign the causes of it. I am convinced there are more than one. The circumstance of the time when it happened, and its having entirely subsided since Sir Edward Hawke's victory, together with the repeated intelligence we received from you for many months prior to it, of the emissaries coming over from France, should make one imagine it to be part of the plan of invasion; and I am convinced that it was so. On the other hand, I must inform you that, for many years past, the mob in this kingdom has been wickedly and infamously made use of by different parties, as an engine

* "Lieut.-General Edward Wolfe died in the preceding March."

+ "Mrs. Wolfe died in 1764, bequeathing sundry sums to the families of the officers who served at Quebec under her son, 500*l.* to Bromley College, and 1000*l.* to the Society for promoting English Protestant working schools in Ireland."

to carry questions in parliament, by terrifying the members; and I know of a certainty that expressions have dropped this very session, even from members of parliament, that since they had no chance for numbers in the house, they must have recourse to the old method of numbers without doors. You may imagine I wish I could bring positive proof to the bar of this; which, though I am not able to do, I am fully satisfied of the truth of. There is no tale so absurd which the common people here will not swallow with a few shillings' worth of whisky; and, I suspect, not without reason, an infamous disappointed old lawyer, who offered me a bribe of a thousand pounds to make him a judge, for which I treated him as he deserved, to have been at great pains and expense to poison the minds of the people, particularly upon the dreaded subject of an union, and there being no more parliaments to be held in Ireland. Whenever I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in England, and you can spare me a little time, I shall be able to explain to you more at large other motives and causes for this riotous, almost rebellious, disposition of the people here. They look upon it as a token of liberty and independency; and the daring to fly in the face of the English government is as an inestimable jewel in the eyes of many, not of the lowest of the people. It would amaze you, sir, to see the reluctance I have met with to probe this flagrant evil to the bottom, and the impossibility to get at a ringleader by ever so large lucrative offers, which I have made to those who, I am certain, are capable, if they were willing to inform. That is over; that is past and gone; that you will hear no more of it, is the language of many considerable persons, and is the answer I have received from numbers, when I have pressed them to assist me in the House of Commons in the passing a riot act; which I will attempt when the house meets again, if I find the least chance of being supported. Give me leave now to assure you that, besides the several schemes for augmenting the military force which have been transmitted from hence, and met with the king's approbation, the two Protestant counties of Armagh and Down have received a very large supply of good arms, which are already distributed by the governors or deputy-governors of those counties. The town of Londonderry is put into the best posture of defence which the place admits of, by repairing their cannon, and arms are sent to the inhabitants of both the town and county of that name. The Protestant inhabitants of Brandon, in the county of Cork, have also received a supply of arms, as many as they applied for; and others will be distributed by the Duke of Bedford where it is safe and proper to trust them. But let me assure you, upon the fullest inquiry I have been able to make into the prudence of such a measure, that it does not require much caution into whose hands and what places arms should be delivered. The Protestants, you say, sir, have hands and zeal. I am sorry to say there is a sect amongst the Protestants who have a zeal most dangerous to be trusted. They are descended from Cromwell's followers, and still retain that stubborn spirit. They avow at this day a dislike to monarchy and the established church, and their fidelity requires equal watching with the Papists. Indeed, sir, I do not state the situation of this country in a more unfavourable light to you than it appears to me after much acquaintance with it. Since the 3d instant, when the great riot happened, every precaution has been taken by the Duke of Bedford, and is taken, that can be thought of, to preserve the peace of this city, and every

thing has been quiet since. I hope you will hear of no more such scandalous and brutal violences. Depend upon it nobody shall be more alert in endeavouring to discover the past offenders, or in bringing future ones to the severest punishment which the laws will inflict, than him who has the honour to be, with the highest esteem and regard, dear sir, your most faithful humble servant,

"RICHD. RIGBY.

"P.S. Permit me, sir, most sincerely to congratulate you upon the very great and important news which Bateson has brought us. What a glorious conclusion of the greatest year England ever saw!"

We cannot finish with such a picture, but will add a letter of fine contrast in the domestic life of this great minister, and two other extracts.

"Mr. Pitt to Lady Hester Pitt.

"November 19, 1759.

"My sweetest Love,—After much court and more House of Commons, with Jemmy Rivers since a hasty repast, what refreshment and delight to sit down to address these lines to the dearest object of my every thought! I will begin with telling you I am well; for that it is my happiness to know my adored first wishes to hear; and I will next tell myself (and trust in heaven that my hopes don't deceive me), that this letter will find you and all our little angels in perfect health; them in joyful, and you in serene and happy spirits. The bitter wind has forbid all garden occupations, and little William will naturally have called your attentions more towards that springing human plant than to objects out of doors. I wait with longing impatience for the groom's return, with ample details of you and yours. Send me, my sweetest life, a thousand particulars of all those little-great things which, to those who are blessed as we, so far surpass in excellence and exceed in attraction all the great-little things of the busy, restless world. That laborious world forbids my wished-for journey on Wednesday, and protracts till the evening our happy meeting. No news but what your faithful papers administer at breakfast; except, what perhaps they may not notice, viz. that Lord George Sackville has shewn his face at the opera. The event is hardly worth mentioning, as nothing was wanting to complete that great man's heroic assurance.—Your ever loving husband,

W. PITT.

"Monday night, eleven o'clock."

Dr. Markham, September 25, 1749, thus speaks of Burke, in recommending him to the Duchess of Queensbury:—

"The consularship at Madrid has been vacant these eight months. Lord Bristol is writing pressing letters to have a consul appointed. I am informed that the office lies so much out of the road of common applications, that it has not yet been asked for; that it has been offered to some, who have declined it; and that Mr. Pitt is actually at a loss for a proper person to appoint to it. This has encouraged my friend to think of it. It so happens, that those who might serve him are mostly out of town. He expects, indeed, recommendations from some whom he has writ to. The warm part that I take in all his interests obliges me to avail myself of the honour I have of being known to your grace, and to beg as much of your assistance with Mr. Pitt as you think you can give me with propriety. It is time I should say who my friend is. His name is Edmond Burke. As a literary man, he may possibly be not quite unknown to you. He is the author of a piece which imposed on the world as Lord

Bolingbroke's, called 'The Advantages of Natural Society,' and of a very ingenious book published last year, called 'A Treatise on the Sublime and the Beautiful.' I must further say of him, that his chief application has been to the knowledge of public business and our commercial interests; that he seems to have a most extensive knowledge, with extraordinary talents for business, and to want nothing but ground to stand upon to do his country very important services. Mr. Wood, the under-secretary, has some knowledge of him, and will, I am persuaded, do ample justice to his abilities and character. As for myself, as far as my testimony may serve him, I shall freely venture it on all occasions; as I value him not only for his learning and talents, but as being, in all points of character, a most amiable and most respectable man. I hope your grace will forgive my taking up so much of your time. I am really so earnest in this gentleman's behalf, that if I can be instrumental in helping him, I shall think it one of the most fortunate events of my life. I beg leave to trouble you with my compliments to the duke; and am, with a fresh remembrance of your many kindnesses, your grace's most obliged and most faithful servant,

"W. MARKHAM."

Anecdote in a note:—"The Hon. Robert Hampden, several years envoy-extraordinary to the States-General. He continued to hold the office of joint post-master-general till 1765. By the death of his half-brother, he became, in 1754, fourth Lord Trevor. It is related, that, in an audience, George the Third said to him, 'My lord, why do you suffer the great name of Hampden to drop?' 'Peers,' replied Lord Trevor, 'do not change their names without the permission of their sovereign.' He was created Viscount Hampden in 1776, and died in 1783."

We have only to add, that a number of autobiographies of distinguished individuals embellish this volume; and that notes from Horace Walpole, Bubb Dodginton, and other sources, are judiciously appended to the text.

The Spirit of the East; illustrated in a Journal of Travels through Roumelie, during an Eventful Period. By D. Urquhart, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1838. Colburn.

A GLANCE at *The Spirit* is all we have had, and, therefore, all we can give; and a work of the importance of this,—a work on the East by a person so informed as Mr. Urquhart has made himself by ten years' residence and observation, is not to be cursorily dismissed, even by the most hurried of reviewers. We also feel, that the most important portions of these volumes, those which refer to great national and political questions, and which, to be understood, should be carefully digested, are exactly such as are least fitted for our page. We must, therefore, be content, for the present, to offer our readers a few hasty extracts, as specimens of Mr. Urquhart's valuable labours.

Some antiquities at Trigardon are thus alluded to:—

"Trigardon (a corruption of a Slavonic term for three cities) must be the ancient *Eniadae*. If a doubt existed, it would be dispelled by comparing the description I have given of the port, and the walls connecting it with the ramparts, with the following passage from Polybius, in the wars of Philip the Second with the Etolians. After his successful incursion into Etolia, and the sack of Thermus, Philip retired on *Eniadae*, his fleet having been sent to that point to await the return of the army to the coast. The Etolians prepared

to defend this strongly fortified place; but on the approach of Philip they were panic-struck, and evacuated it. Philip took possession; thence ravaged the Calydonian territory; and deposited the booty that had been collected within its walls, 'remarkingly,' observes the historian, 'the admirable position of this city, placed at the confines of Acarnania and Etolia, on the mouth of the Achelous, at the entrance of the Corinthian Gulf, distant only 100 stadia from the coast of the Peloponnesus; strong, besides, by its fortifications, and the surrounding marsh—he determined on strengthening it. He surrounded, therefore, the port and naval station with a wall, and joined these to the citadel.' Our guide told us, that there were in some parts subterranean crypts, or altars (*βήματα*), to which, when a child, he had been taken down; the sides covered with paintings (*ζωγράφια*), not those of saints. He did not, however, recollect the place. There is a theatre cut in the rock, the right and northern horn supported by a mound, and faced with polygonal masonry; the southern extremity with Hellenic, and a flight of steps beyond the seats. The area is almost thirty-five paces across; twenty rows of seats, two and a half feet deep, run all round, and, perhaps, double that number behind. This city has been overturned as completely as its contemporaries; but it is so much wooded, and so extensive, that it is with more difficulty examined, and may contain unexplored archaeological treasures."

The account of Janina, with the former condition of which English readers have some acquaintance, continues to possess present interest.

"Janina is the centre both of art and of fashion, and fits all the *beaux* of Roumeli. The silk braid and gold lace, so universally used in Eastern costume, are most extensively prepared by its Jews. The morocco leather of Janina is in highest repute, and also extensively manufactured. The savat, or blackening of silver, their mode of ornamenting guns, drinking-cups, cartridge-boxes, and the buckles that they wear, and which ornament their trapping, is an art almost exclusively exercised by a settlement of Vlachs at Calarites. In their vicinity grow the herbs they use for dyeing, which is here a domestic art. Every house has its looms, where the women, as in the patriarchal ages, employ their leisure in weaving, according to their wealth, coarse or fine cotton stuffs, and that beautiful and delicate texture of silk and cotton gauze, or of silk alone, which they use for shirting. They are no less celebrated for their skill in confectionary; and the preserves of Janina are as much distinguished as those of Scotland. Elsewhere women may be as laborious, or as industrious; but I never saw so much activity combined with so much elegance as at Janina, or housewifery assume such important functions. To the most sedulous attention to all the business of domestic economy were added the rearing of the silk-worms, the winding of silk, the preparing of cotton, the dyeing and the weaving of these materials, and the preparation from them of every article of wearing apparel or household furniture. Their tailors are no less characterised by taste and dexterity; and the costumes of the men by the elegance of the cut, the arrangement of colours, and excellence of workmanship. What a contrast the artisans of this clear sky present with ours! Sudden disasters may fall upon them; but no industry falsely bolstered up leaves them a prey to incessant fluctuations. Money may, at times, be extorted from them by violence;

but they have not the irritating example before their eyes of injustice of taxation, which spares the rich and oppresses the poor. They tend their silk-worms, prepare their dyes, weave their delicate tissues and rich laces, and embroider their fermels and zuluchia, not by smoky firesides, but under shady vines; and instead of becoming callous and indifferent under the unfortunate insecurity of the times, they exert themselves the more to avert or to meet danger and oppression. This appears most unaccountable to Europeans, who are acquainted with oppression and its effects only by examples of systematic despotism; but the difference between the tyranny of man and the tyranny of law is one of the most instructive lessons the East has to teach. The one is uncertain, and leaves to the oppressed chances and hopes of escaping it; it varies with the individual; and those who suffer, if not benefited, are, at least, consoled by the vengeance that, sooner or later, overtakes the guilty. The tyranny of law is a dead and immovable weight, that compresses at once the activity of the limb and the energy of the mind; leaves no hope of redress, no chance of escape; is liable to no responsibility for its acts, or vengeance for its crimes. For fifty years, in Turkey, convulsion has followed convulsion as wave rolls after wave; and Europe, judging by its own cumbersomeness of machinery, and consequent difficulty of readjustment, has looked on each succeeding disaster as a prelude to the fall of the Ottoman empire. Turkey's political state may be compared to its climate: an unexpected hurricane in a moment wastes fields and forests, covers the heavens with blackness, and the sea with foam. Scarcely is the devastation completed, when nature revives, the air is all mildness, and the heavens all sunshine. As destructively and as suddenly do political storms and military gatherings overwhelm the provinces; and no sooner are they past, than industry is busy preparing her toil, and security is scattering seed, or wreathing flowers."

We conclude with a spirited *scena*, when our author and a friend boldly followed Veli Bey into Albania:—

"We had started with a slender escort, and wondered what had become of the numerous bands which we had seen scattered over the plain of Janina, and which had passed us during the night. As we ascended, the Pindus appeared a perfect solitude, but our escort imperceptibly increased; we could not comprehend whence came the accessions to our numbers; we turned round to admire the view, and to see if any bodies were overtaking us. When we resumed our march, the whole mountain above us was suddenly covered with men. This had been the place of rendezvous and refreshment; and, in taking their siesta, the troops had composed themselves to sleep with a Skiptetar's instinct of concealment. Soldiers now started up from under every bush and tree, and from behind every rock—and what a place for this sudden apparition! The road ascended by divers zig-zags over five or six successive summits. It was instantaneously thronged with Spahis and lance-bearing Chaldupes; Beys on gallant chargers, and long lines of the kirtled Skiptetar, in all the gorgeousness of glancing armour, and of shining colours, and in every variety of martial and picturesque costume. These files, set quickly in motion, produced an effect which no words can convey;—now seeming to cross each other with the turns of the zig-zag path—now lost in the foliage, now appearing in bold relief on the rocks—now drawn out in straight and lengthened lines on the face of the dark moun-

tain—now suddenly breaking from the regular path, and clambering like goats to the road above; thus diminishing on the receding distances and ascending heights till we could trace them only by the white line of their snowy capotes and fustanels, and by the glittering of silver and of steel. * * * As if nature had resolved on adorning the prospect with all the charms her fancy could suggest, and with all the power her elements could bestow—mountains of snow-white clouds rose into the deep blue sky; and, during twenty minutes, a thousand changes of light and shade were cast over the heavens and the earth. Then the storm approached, darkened, descended; and long, distant, and melodious chords of music, worthy of the scene, pealed among the halls of Pindus. Large drops of rain began to fall, glittering through the not yet excluded sunshine; but the dense and heavy masses came on, enveloping us in darkness, and drenching us in rain; stunning peals burst like explosions from the earth, or fell like blows dealt by the unseen genius of the storm, shattering the rocks, while the flashes shot from cloud to cloud, and the thunders were sent around from cliff to cliff. The road became a torrent; the rain was succeeded by hail, driven by tremendous gusts of wind, which now dashed the torn clouds against us, and now swept them past. As we took shelter under a rock, a break in the driving clouds opened, for a moment, a glimpse of the world far below: there lay the vale we had traversed in the morning, in silence and in beauty, gazing upwards, as Love is figured watching Madness. There no shred of the tempest had fallen; not a rain-drop had broken the mirror of its fountains, nor a breath stirred the leaves of its bowers. The stream meandering below sent up to our region of strife and darkness the reflected rays of the declining sun, and, gliding through meadows of velvet green, shone like a silver chain cast on an embroidered cushion. * * *

"After the storm was over, it was indeed a sight to view the gay Palicars, wringing their drenched fustanels, and with their dripping embroidery dragging in the mud. But what with the soaking, the chill of the atmosphere by the storm, and, at this elevation, the great change of temperature from the hot plains below, no one was disposed to make himself merry at the expense of others. About sunset we reached the khan of Placa, at the summit of the pass, where Veli Bey was to spend the night. The troops moved on to a little plain, where an encampment had already been formed, and where a thousand men had been for some time stationed, to command or support the various passes. There preparations had been made for the reception of this fresh body, which, we now understood, mustered five thousand muskets. Looking from the heights of the Pindus, we at once comprehended the state of parties and things, and we had the additional satisfaction of finding that we owed our perceptions to the first cause of all knowledge, and the parent of all science—geography. What is there, like a bird's-eye view of a country, for the comprehension of all its human interests? and how pleasing it is to arrive at knowledge through the observation of things, and not through men's tongues! * * * We ascended a little eminence that overlooked the khan. What a contrast with the brilliant scene of the forenoon! what an antithesis to the storm that followed it! Now, not a breath was stirring; that darkness reigned around which follows the last expiring rays of twilight,

and which was deepened, almost to blackness, by the glare of the fires, except where the light was reflected from the tall columns of smoke above, and from the rocks and trees around. A sensation the most delicious was produced by the fragrance of the atmosphere after the storm; and, standing on the edge of a cliff, at the height of between four and five thousand feet, we inhaled the air, rising up warm and soft, and charged with the odours of the blossoms and the plants it had caressed as it rose, from lowly flowers to myrtle groves, and to mountain heather. Our companions revelled in the balmy air, they bared their arms and breasts, and stood, like sea-gulls on rocks, stretching their necks to catch the breezes, and expressing their delight by short cries, and by the flutter of their extended wings."

Flora Medica; a Botanical Account of all the more Important Plants used in Medicine, in different Parts of the World. By J. Lindley, Ph.D. F.R.S. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 656. London, 1838. Longman and Co.

THIS very valuable repository of medical and botanical information is introduced by a Preface, which so truly describes the want it is meant to supply, and the nature of the work, that we cannot do better than allow it to speak for both, and content ourselves with adding, that its scientific execution is worthy of the distinguished station the author occupies.

"There are (he observes) probably few persons engaged in teaching botany to medical students in this country, who have not experienced great inconvenience from the want of some work in which correct systematical descriptions of medicinal plants are to be found, and which is cheap enough to be used as a class book. By the author, at least, this has been so strongly felt, that he would long since have made the present attempt at supplying the deficiency had he been a medical man, or had he not hoped in each succeeding year that such a work would have appeared from the pen of some writer of reputation, both as a botanist and pharmacologist. This expectation has not been realised; the necessity that students should have access to a botanical account of the plants which furnish the substances used medicinally in different parts of the world, daily becomes more urgent; and hence the work now presented to the public makes its appearance. * * *

"I have (he tells us in noticing the numerous mistakes and errors which exist in books of authority) I have even heard it stated with great confidence, that of the few kinds of vegetable drugs admitted into the last edition of the Pharmacopœia of the College of Physicians, twelve are referred to plants which certainly do not produce them; and that twenty-six others have been assigned to their sources with more or less inaccuracy. As the greater part of these differences of opinion can be more readily settled by botanical investigation than by pharmacœutical evidence, the author trusts that it will not be thought presumptuous in him to have made the attempt, although he is not a medical man. * * *

"No one (he continues, treating on the subject at large) will be bold enough to assert that the physician already possesses the most powerful agents produced by the vegetable kingdom; for every year is bringing some new plant into notice for its energy, while others are excluded because of their inertness. In tropical countries, where a fervid sun, a humid air, and a teeming soil give extraordinary energy to vegetable life, the natives of those regions often recognise the existence of potent

herbs unknown to the European practitioner. No doubt such virtues are often as fabulous, and imaginary, as those of indigenous plants long since rejected by the sagacity of European practice. But we are not altogether to despise the experience of nations less advanced in knowledge than ourselves, or to suppose because they may ascribe imaginary virtues to some of their official substances, as has been abundantly done by ourselves in former days, that therefore the remedial properties of their plants are not worth a serious investigation; or that their medical knowledge is beneath our notice because they are unacquainted with the terms of modern science.

"Look to *Hemidesmus indicus*, the source of Indian sarsaparilla, the most active medicine of that name now known to the English physician, although excluded from the 'Pharmacopœia'; to *Chloranthus officinalis*, unrivalled in Java for its aromatic properties and powerful stimulating effects; to *Soymdia febrifuga*, *Galipea officinalis*, and *Cedrela toona*, which at least rival the Jesuit's bark in their influence over the most dangerous fevers; to *Erythroxylon coca*, one of the most active stimulants of the nervous system; or, finally, consider the accounts we have of the effects of Jamaica dogwood, *Piscidia erythrina*, which, if there is any truth in medical reports, must be a narcotic superior to opium for many purposes; and it must be sufficiently apparent to all unprejudiced minds, that the resources of the vegetable kingdom, far from being exhausted, have hardly yet been called into existence. It is presumptuous for the theorist to assert that he already possesses a remedy 'for all the maladies that flesh is heir to'; it is mere idleness in the routine practitioner, carried away by the attraction of specious generalities, to fancy that one tonic is as good as another tonic, or one purgative as another purgative. In reality the true cause of the different actions of medicines upon the human body is admitted by the highest authorities to be wholly unknown; and, surely, this is in itself the best of all reasons why we should not assume that we already possess against disease all the remedies which nature affords; on the contrary, it should stimulate us to reiterated inquiries into the peculiar action of new remedial agents."

"In arranging his materials, the author has generally noticed at greatest length those plants which he supposes to be most important; while others are either very shortly described, or only mentioned by name. It will be found, that the technical descriptions have been carefully framed in accordance with the existing state of botanical knowledge, and according to the most approved rules of modern science. The student will, therefore, be able to use them as models upon which to familiarise himself with the art of descriptive botany. Nevertheless, it has not been thought necessary to provide in all cases original descriptions; and, consequently, although a great many are so, many others are only amended, altered, or corrected from the works of other botanists. In such a collection of facts as this is, much originality can hardly be expected; it will, however, be found, upon reference to the articles cinchona, croton, rheum, convolvulus, and others, that original investigation has not been neglected when it seemed to be required."

Tyler's Memoirs of Henry the Fifth.

[Second notice.]

In proceeding to a second notice of this work, we propose to examine, as far as our confined space will allow, the general correctness of the

decision passed by Mr. Tyler upon the character of Henry V. The following just views of historical data, extracted from the author's preface, may appropriately precede our inquiry.

"It is a maxim of our law, and the constant practice of our courts of justice, never to admit evidence unless it be the best which under the circumstances can be obtained. Were this principle of jurisprudence recognised and adopted in historical criticism, the student would carefully ascend to the first witnesses of every period, on whom modern writers (however eloquent or sagacious) must depend for their information. How lamentably devoid of authority and credit is the work of the most popular and celebrated of our modern English historians, in consequence of his unhappy neglect of this fundamental principle, will be made palpably evident by the instances which could not be left unnoticed, even within the narrow range of these memoirs. And the author is generally persuaded that, without a far more comprehensive and intimate acquaintance with original documents than our writers have possessed, or apparently have thought it their duty to cultivate, error will continue to be propagated as heretofore; and our annals will abound with surmises and misrepresentations, instead of being the guardian depositories of historical verity."

We cannot err very much if we judge the author by the canons prescribed by himself. Mr. Tyler's vindication of Henry consists of three points. He was not profligate in his youth—not undutiful to his father—and not a religious persecutor. The charge of profligacy in early life rests on no better foundation than the certain doubtful hints and expressions of chroniclers, and possibly such traditions as furnished Shakspeare with the outline of the character he has drawn of the future conqueror of France. We observed in our first article, that the facts of history scarcely needed any exposition to prove that the poet's delineation is essentially false, and the only admissible reason for devoting any space to the argument is, that too many who read the play think they are reading history; and in this respect, perhaps, it is not too much to say that the truth will never supersede the romance—that by all but a few Henry will ever be thought of as the jolly, careless companion and mystifier of Falstaff. There is always a repugnance in the human mind to yield up a long-cherished tradition—no matter whether the hero of it be good or vicious—his character exaggerated or altogether misrepresented; the popular legend of William Tell, and the poet's portrait of Henry of Monmouth, both founded more on imagination than truth, will be considered orthodox by the mass as long as the vindicators of popular liberty shall be objects of popular admiration, and the wit, broad humour, and lifelike farce of Shakspeare find readers, however dame History may ruffle her plumes, frown, and point to facts less attractive than fables. Such being the case, we deem it to be absolutely useless to argue actual history against Shakspeare's plays, which are not verified chronicles but poems, the names and main points only taken from history, all the rest being the pure creation of the poet's mind. Let the real facts be stated as they are found to be, without reference to the fictions which all who read and think value at their true worth.

We would not, however, be considered as yielding as much as Mr. Tyler is desirous we should, to his picture of Henry's youth. We have just said that the poet's delineation rests more on imagination than truth, allowing

thereby, that some alloy of facts may be mingled with the greater portion of fancy which makes up Shakspeare's "mad compound of majesty," the vag Hal. It may be assumed as an indisputable position, that every tradition, however startling or absurd, is founded upon some certain though obscure deed or occurrence, which taken by itself is, perhaps, of little moment, owing all its importance and long-lived career to a forgotten prejudice or local association; while, in the course of its descent from generation to generation, it has acquired those egregious embellishments which, in some cases, entirely disguise or destroy the little nucleus of truth around which they have been woven. Reasoning upon this principle, it would appear that the chroniclers could have had no motive for throwing out hints respecting Henry's change of conduct on his accession to the throne, if he had not in some measure rendered himself remarkable by his previous habits. We do not go so far as to assert that he was as dissipated as he has been represented, but merely contend that the old writers must have had some ground for their insinuations, and that Shakspeare had probably some tradition at hand whereon he founded the character he has drawn. This will not appear an unreasonable conclusion if we attend to the following circumstances. The scene of the prince's excesses is laid in London—in the very heart of the city—he is represented as passing his time in noisy revelry by day and night; in short, the Boar's Head in Eastcheap is in a great measure his residence. Now, when only twenty-three years of age, he obtained a grant from his father of the hostel or mansion of Coldharbour, in the immediate vicinity of Eastcheap. We think it by no means impossible that Shakspeare should have had a knowledge of this fact, since Henry lived there some time; and his having done so was not likely to have been forgotten within the period, somewhat less than two centuries, which intervened between the date of the grant and the time in which the poet wrote—it was very probably a matter of popular remembrance. This, then, will account for his bringing the prince into what Mr. Tyler calls a "low and vulgar part of London;" somewhat unadvisedly, as we think, since in the fifteenth century, that particular neighbourhood contained the dwelling-houses of the wealthiest merchants of the metropolis, and even that, as it appears, of the heir to the crown; and, at the present time, what remains of it is certainly neither low nor vulgar, unless the presence of numerous counting-houses makes it so. Having justified the poet for the locality he assigned to Henry's revels, it remains to inquire upon what grounds he presumed him to have revelled or rioted at all: for some grounds he certainly had. It must be apparent to every one accustomed to investigate the nature and origin of popular traditions, that juvenile indiscretion on the part of the prince, however venial, could not fail to become notorious in so public a neighbourhood—notorious in proportion to the exalted rank of the author of it; it would be eagerly caught at by the crowd, and adulously remembered; it could not fail to be exaggerated in its transmission from father to child, and Shakspeare would have heard it clothed in all the amplifications and ornaments of a popular story a century and a half old; by this time one night's drunkenness might have been augmented to years of debauchery, and fancy working upon an isolated incident have coloured by it the entire youth

of the prince. The poet took the story as it was current in men's mouths — nor was there ought to contradict it; for if he turned to history, little or nothing was told by ancient writers of Henry before his accession to the crown — nothing to characterise him in any way, either as a paragon of virtue or an incarnation of vice; but there were some obscure insinuations which implied some early faults, and so far confirmed the tradition already adopted by the writers of the poet's own age. That Shakspeare also adopted and used it as he did, cannot but be considered a most happy circumstance. The fruits of the labours and conquests of Henry the Fifth decayed and were swept away, before his ministers and companions in arms were numbered with the dead — no lasting good proceeded from them — but the hours of disquietude, of sickness, and solitude, that have been cheered and enlivened by the wit and humour of the bard, are as sands upon the sea-shore — as the green leaves of the forest — without number. And the hero of Agincourt, like all heroes who warred for fighting's sake alone, is indebted for much of his fame to the imagination of a poet.

Thus far then we differ from Mr. Tyler. He would compare Shakspeare with history — a comparison which cannot but fail, and is, at all events, useless if carried to a great extent with any other view than that to which we have alluded. He contends that Henry's youth is proved to have been passed in honourable pursuits actively followed up, and that Shakspeare's portrait is wholly imaginary. While we willingly admit all that he has brought forward in vindication of his hero, and allow the full force of it, we cannot but believe that Shakspeare made use of a popular tradition, which was, unquestionably, founded on one or more incidents of the prince's youth, too trivial to obtain the notice of contemporary writers.

Before we dismiss this part of the subject it may be as well to observe, that Mr. Tyler lays too much stress, in our opinion, on the address of the Speaker of the House of Commons, in 1406, bearing testimony to the excellent character and disposition of the prince; it is a servile piece of adulation and words, of course dictated by the creatures of the king. The object of the petition which it prefaces was, that Henry might be acknowledged heir-apparent. This was obviously a court measure, and indicates the true value of the laudatory expressions employed in his favour. We make very light of the testimonies of Lydgate and Occleve; the former could be a bitter satirist when it was not necessary to be a smooth flatterer, and the latter, if not servile, was certainly a minion of the court. The testimony of poets is worthless until the comparatively recent period when, asserting the dignity of the human mind, they ventured to trust their wares to the world without hooking them to the skirts of some noble patron, whose character was generally the opposite of that which they ascribed to him. Grub Street dedicators are of older date than the "Dunciad."

In connexion with Prince Henry's youth we have the story of his violent conduct towards the chief justice. This incident does not appear in print till nearly a century and a half after the supposed date of it, when Sir Thomas Elyot, in his treatise called "The Governour," first particularised the transaction; without referring, however, to any authority. Elyot is followed by Hall, who made some additions to the story; and Hume succeeds Hall, improving

the subject beyond any of his predecessors. It is curious to note the successive phases of this affair, as severally given by these writers. Elyot records that the king, upon hearing of the resolution and impartiality of the judge, thanked God who had given him a servant who feared not to administer justice, and a son who did not refuse to obey it: nothing more. Hall, taking it up, adds that his father put him out of the privy council, and banished him from court; and Hume, building one falsehood upon another, asserts that his father, during the latter years of his life, excluded him from all share in public business. Mr. Tyler has expended much minute analysis upon this circumstance; and is disposed to treat it as wholly improbable. Four judges have been brought forward as claimants of the honour of having committed the prince — Gascoyne, Markham, Haukford, and Hody. It appears, however, that Hody was not a judge till thirty years after the supposed event. If Henry was committed to the Bench, Haukford's pretensions must give way, since he was not appointed to the King's Bench before the first year of the presumed culprit's accession to the throne. The claims of Markham rest upon an ancient family manuscript. He was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas from 20 Richard II. to 9 Henry IV.; and here we have a series of assumptions. If, as one tradition asserts, the prince was committed to the Fleet, if Markham was the judge who committed him, and if he died in the 9th of Henry IV., "the allegation that the prince was then dismissed from the council falls to the ground; for, at that time, and long after, he seems to have been in the very zenith of his power."

Shakspeare and popular feeling have given the honour to Gascoyne, who was made Chief Justice of the King's Bench in the 2d year of Henry IV. (1401). That he was a man who dared to be just in despite of power, is evidenced by his conduct in the case of Archbishop Scrope, whom he refused to sentence to death when commanded by the king to do so; asserting the illegality of the proceeding. Till recently, however, it was maintained that Shakspeare had departed from the facts of history by representing Gascoyne as continuing in office after Henry's accession, since he died, it was presumed, in 1412, the year before that event. But the judge's will has lately been discovered, by which it appears that his decease did not happen until 1419; and, although he remained in office only eight days after the commencement of the reign of Henry V., the conversation recorded by Shakspeare might certainly have taken place within that time, "though it is a fact scarcely reconcilable with it, that Henry never did renew Gascoyne's appointment — a proceeding almost invariably adopted on the demise of a sovereign by his successor." At all events, it would seem that he did not lose his office through the king's displeasure, since he subsequently lent him money; and the year after he quitted office obtained his grant of an allowance of four bucks and does out of the forest of Pontefract for the term of his life.

After a careful consideration of all the circumstances of this case, we incline to agree with Mr. Tyler, that the story is wholly improbable, and regard it in the light of a popular addition to that traditional account of Henry's youth, which, long current among the vulgar, was at length adopted by historians, and moulded anew by the imagination of Shakspeare; a tradition which, we repeat, must have been founded on facts which escaped the attention of contempo-

rary writers, but which do not impeach the general character of the prince, who is proved to have done more service to his country as heir apparent than king; to have been too actively and too honourably engaged, leaving inclination out of the question, to find time for the riotous excesses in which he is represented to have indulged.

The second charge against Henry which requires to be examined, is that of filial ingratitude; the substance of it is this:

"That in the parliament held in Nov. 1411, Prince Henry desired of his father the resignation of his crown, on the plea that the malady under which the king was suffering would not allow him to rule any longer for the honour and welfare of the kingdom. On the king's firm and peremptory refusal, the prince, greatly offended, withdrew from the court, and formed an overwhelming party of his own among the nobility and gentry of the land, 'associating them to his dominion in homage and pay.'"

It is to be premised, that the manuscript containing the preceding accusation is, in many points, so inaccurate, more particularly with respect to dates, as to deserve little or no credit. Let us examine how far the well-ascertained facts of this period confirm or disprove this particular statement upon which Mr. Sharon Turner has founded a very precipitate judgment. At this time, Henry of Monmouth was, and had been for some time, in great authority: he was president of the council, and his name was united with his father's on all occasions; when both chanced to be present, the royal authority, was, in a great measure, delegated to him. The parliament in which the prince is stated to have taken such an extraordinary step was to have been opened on Nov. 3, 1411, but the king postponed meeting the houses till the next day. On the last day of the same month, the speaker, in the name of the commons, prayed the king to thank the prince and others of the council in the last parliament, for their great labour and diligence, as they had well and loyally performed their duty to the best of their ability; which the king did, and assured them "that he felt very contented with their good and loyal diligence, counsel, and duty, for the time they had been of his council." It is scarcely probable that the commons would have presented this petition, or that the king would have assented to it had such a dispute occurred between the father and son within the same session. We are of opinion that Mr. Tyler has very clearly exposed the fallacy of this statement, and refer the reader to his examination of it. It does appear, however, that in the following year some disagreement occurred between the king and his son, the cause of which is involved in considerable mystery; but as the prince seems to have made some demonstrations of his power, we would venture it as a conjecture only, that an altercation concerning his due share of authority might have produced some suspicion on the part of the king, and that an indistinct account of the affair having reached the ears of the chronicler, he put his own construction upon it without any very particular regard to time or truth. Confidence was scarcely restored between Henry and his son before the former, after a somewhat apocryphal charge to his successor, expired, March 20, 1413. The author has done his best to clear up this doubtful passage of Henry's history; but, unfortunately, the present stock of authorities affords little assistance in elucidating it; and Stowe, who founds his narrative for the most part upon conjecture, is our best guide to the probable facts of the case.

The next point for our consideration is, "Was Henry of Monmouth a persecutor?" In estimating this part of his character, we fully acquiesce in Mr. Tyler's remarks upon the necessity of considering "the time, country, and circumstances, in which he lived." It may be considered an established fact, that in the fifteenth century, the mass of the nobility and people of England regarded the Lollards as unfit to exist either as individuals or as a sect, for two reasons; the first, because they were irreligious; and, the second, because they were believed to be disloyal and treasonable persons. It is equally certain that the thraldom to which the minds of the laity were subjected by the pernicious doctrines of the Romish Church, deprived them of the character of free and responsible agents, and that whatever extremities were decreed by the clergy and executed by the secular magistrates, upon the professors of the new tenets, the whole of the ignominy and atrocity of such proceedings rests upon the churchmen. In this point of view, then, it is hardly more necessary to undertake the vindication of Henry, or any other lay persecutor, than it would be to apologise for the errors which a blind man may have been led by the willfulness of his guide; errors which cannot fail to be great in proportion to the confidence he reposed in him. We shall, therefore, only consider the most remarkable case in which Henry is presumed to have lent himself to the views of the ecclesiastics, that of Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. Lord Cobham was a man remarkable for military talents and courage, in an age when these qualifications were by no means rare; he was, moreover, pious, and a great benefactor to the county in which his estates were situated. During the reign of Richard II. he was both in favour and disgrace: he was one of the fourteen lords appointed by parliament, in 1336, to conduct the administration, and just ten years afterwards he was arrested and condemned to death, also, by parliament; such was the unsettled state of the times. His sentence was commuted, first, to perpetual imprisonment, and then to banishment. He returned from exile with Henry of Lancaster, upon whose accession he was restored to his forfeited possessions, and afterwards employed in active service in Wales and on the Continent. Cobham, however, had embraced some portion of Wicliffe's doctrines, and did not hesitate to profess his principles. His high rank and influence rendered him a marked object to the church at this period, most anxious to repress the growth of the new faith, and it determined to reclaim, or destroy, if possible, an adversary, from whose example and authority so much was to be dreaded. Accordingly, after the meeting of the first parliament of Henry V., Archbishop Arundel convened a full synod of the clergy, in St. Paul's, in which "especially, and by name," a decree was passed against Cobham, and a resolution taken to proceed against him forthwith; but, as he was then in high favour with the king, it was thought expedient to temporise, and to endeavour to lessen him in the king's estimation. The king heard the representations of the prelates with patience, and requested them to stay proceedings, out of respect to the eminent rank of the culprit, promising them his good offices towards his reformation. Lord Cobham respectfully, but decidedly, rejected the king's advice, withdrew to his Castle of Cowling, in Kent, where he fortified himself; and the king, seeing the fruitlessness of all persuasion, yielded to the instances of the clergy, and authorised the archbishop to pro-

ceed against him as the law required. Cobham was, as a matter of course, taken and condemned, but the king's writ for his execution seems to have been purposely delayed, and, in the meanwhile, he escaped from the Tower, to which place he had been committed. Revenge upon his persecutors was now his object: an object, unfortunately, inseparable from treason to his king. His plans were badly arranged; the projected insurrection was speedily quelled by an attack upon a part of his adherents, who had assembled in St. Giles's Field, hoping for support from the city, which, by the foresight of the king, was cut off from all communication with them. Cobham, himself, escaped to Wales; where, four years afterwards, and during the king's absence in France, he was taken, after a desperate resistance, and immediately carried before parliament, "as an outlaw on the charge of treason, and, as an excommunicated heretic, given over to the secular power;" he was, forthwith, condemned to death, and hanged and burnt in St. Giles's Field, on a gallows made expressly for him, before the king could have been apprised of his capture; so that, in his death, at least, Henry could have had no share.

In this remarkable instance we find Henry acting with extreme caution and lenity; nor does he appear to have countenanced any severe measures, until convinced of the treasonable practices of Cobham and his accomplices. It may, perhaps, be suspected, that some regard for his old friend and companion in arms influenced his motives, but Mr. Tyler has satisfactorily shewn that he was equally merciful in other cases; a fact which leads to the inference that, yielding as a matter of conscience to the authority of his church, his disposition was, nevertheless, at variance with the severity of the punishments which that church awarded to those who differed from its faith.

Here we conclude—again repeating our testimony to the learning and care which the author has bestowed upon his task. If he has occasionally started a conjecture, solely for the sake of combating it, and too often recurred to the reasons and principles which he laid down for his guidance, these minor defects are compensated by much novel information, elicited from obscure sources, and the numerous errors, as to time and facts, in the works of his predecessors, which he has corrected. He has successfully vindicated Henry's moral character from many stains which have hitherto defaced it, leaving his political measures, as they ought to be left, for the reader to form his own conclusions respecting them. We trust that Mr. Tyler will proceed to illustrate some other portion of English history, and that we shall again have the pleasure of accompanying him in his researches. If we might venture to suggest any particular reign, we would point to that of Henry the Third.

Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land. By George Stephens. New edition, with Additions. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1838. Bentley.

THIS is a new edition of a work which has been deservedly popular, for it treats of places of great interest, and the impression which they made on the author's mind are stated in a most agreeable manner. The additions now incorporated, and including a journey through parts of Samaria, and a visit to Naplous, Sebaste, Tiberias, Saphet, &c. &c., are worthy of the character of the work, and we have much pleasure in selecting a few extracts, which we think cannot fail to be perused by others with the

same feelings of gratification with which we have read them.

Departing from Jerusalem, Mr. Stephens entered Samaria, and Jacob's Well (that at the foot of Mount Gerizim, which is held by many scholars to be the actual spring at which the Saviour sat as he journeyed from Judea into Galilee, though there is a difference of opinion as to the site) was the first remarkable object of attraction. Thence he proceeded to Naplous, the Shechem or Sychem of the Old Testament. Here he says—"I had just time to visit the Samaritan synagogue. Leaving my shoes at the door, with naked feet I entered a small room, about fifteen feet square, with nothing striking or interesting about it except what the Samaritans say is the oldest manuscript in the world, a copy of the Pentateuch, written by Abishua, the grandson of Aaron, three years after the death of Moses, or about three thousand three hundred years ago. The priest was a man of forty-five, and gave me but a poor idea of the character of the Samaritans, for he refused to shew me the sacred scroll unless I would pay him first. He then brought down an old manuscript, which, very much to his astonishment, I told him was not the genuine record; giving him very plainly to understand that I was not to be bamboozled in the matter. I had been advised of this trick by the English clergyman whom I met in Jerusalem; and the priest, laughing at my detection of the cheat, while some of his hopeful flock who had followed me joined in the laugh, brought down the other preserved in a tin case. It was written in some character I did not understand, said to be the Samaritan, tattered and worn, and bearing the marks of extreme age; and, though I knew nothing about it, I admitted it to be the genuine manuscript; and they all laughed when I told the priest what a rogue he was for trying to deceive me; and this priest they believe to be of the tribe of Levi, of the seed of Aaron. If I had left Naplous then, I should probably have repeated the words that our Saviour applied to them in his day, 'no good thing can come out of Samaria;' but, I spent a long evening, and had an interesting conversation with my host and his brother; and in their kindness, sincerity, and honesty, forgot the petty duplicity of the Levite. Much curiosity has existed in Europe among the learned with regard to this singular people, and several of the most eminent men of their day, in London and Paris, have had correspondence with them, but without any satisfactory result. The descendants of the Israelites who remained and were not carried into captivity, on the rebuilding of the second temple were denied the privilege of sharing the labour and expense of its reconstruction at Jerusalem; and, in mortification and revenge, they built a temple on Mount Gerizim; and, ever since, a deadly hatred has existed between their descendants, the Samaritans, and the Jews. Gibbon, speaking of them in the time of Justinian, says, 'The Samaritans of Palestine were a motley race, an ambiguous sect, rejected as Jews, by the Pagans; by the Jews, as schismatics; and by the Christians, as idolaters. The abomination of the cross had already been planted on their holy mount of Gerizim, but, the persecution of Justinian offered only the alternative of baptism or rebellion. They chose the latter: under the standard of a desperate leader, they rose in arms, and retaliated their wrongs on the lives, the property, and the temples of a defenceless people. The Samaritans were finally subdued by the regular forces of the East;

twenty thousand were slain, twenty thousand were sold by the Arabs to the infidels of Persia, and India; and the remains of that unhappy nation atoned for the crime of treason by the sin of hypocrisy.' About sixty families are all now remaining, and these few relics of a once powerful people still dwell in their ancient capital, at the base of Mount Gerizim, under the shadow of their fallen temple. The brother of my host was particularly fond of talking about them. He was very old, and the most deformed man I ever saw who lived to attain a great age. His legs were long, and all his limbs were those of a tall man; but he was so hump-backed that in sitting he rested upon his hump. He asked me many questions about the Samaritans in England (of America he had no knowledge), and seemed determined to believe that there were many in that country, and told me that I might say to them, wherever I found them, that there they believed in one omnipotent and eternal God, the five books of Moses, and a future Messiah, and the day of the Messiah's coming to be near at hand; that they practised circumcision, went three times a-year up to Mount Gerizim, 'the everlasting mountain,' to worship and offer sacrifice, and once a-year pitched their tents and left their virgins alone on the mount for seven days, expecting that one of them would conceive and bring forth a son, who should be the Messiah; that they allowed two wives, and, in case of barrenness, four; that the women were not permitted to enter the synagogue, except once a-year during fast, but on no account were they permitted to touch the sacred scroll; and that, although the Jews and Samaritans had dealings in the market-places, &c., they hated each other now as much as their fathers did before them. I asked him about Jacob's Well; he said he knew the place, and that he knew our Saviour, or Jesus Christ, as he familiarly called him, very well; he was Joseph the carpenter's son, of Nazareth; but that the story which the Christians had about the woman at the well was all a fiction; that Christ did not convert her; but that, on the contrary, she laughed at him, and even refused to give him water to drink. The information I received from these old men is more than I have ever seen in print about this reduced and singular people; and I give it for what it may be worth. I cannot help mentioning a little circumstance, which serves to illustrate the proverb that boys will be boys all the world over. While I was exploring the mysteries of the Samaritan creed, it being the season of Easter, a fine chubby little fellow came to me with a couple of eggs dyed yellow, and trying them on his teeth, just as we used to do in my boyish days (did we learn it from them, or they from us?)—gave me a choice; and though it may seem a trifling incident to the reader, it was not an uninteresting circumstance to me, this celebration of my 'paas' in the ancient Sychem, cracking eggs with a Samaritan boy."

The ruins of the palace of Herod at Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, are interesting remains, and the surrounding country seems to be very beautiful.

"The palace of Herod stands on a table of land, on the very summit of the hill, overlooking every part of the surrounding country; and such were the exceeding softness and beauty of the scene, even under the wildness and waste of Arab cultivation, that the city seemed smiling in the midst of her desolation. All around was a beautiful valley, watered by running streams, and covered by a rich carpet

of grass, sprinkled with wild flowers of every hue, and beyond, stretched like an open book before me, a boundary of fruitful mountains, the vine and the olive rising in terraces to their very summits; there, day after day, the haughty Herod had sat in his royal palace; and looking out upon all these beauties, his heart had become hardened with prosperity; here, among these still towering columns, the proud monarch had made a supper 'to his lords, and high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;' here the daughter of Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, 'danced before him, and the proud king promised with an oath to give her whatever she should ask, even to the half of his kingdom.' And while the feast and dance went on, the 'head of John the Baptist was brought in a charger and given to the damsel.' And Herod has gone: and Herodias, Herod's brother's wife, has gone; and 'the lords, and the high captains, and the chief estates of Galilee' are gone: but the ruins of the palace in which they feasted are still here; the mountains and valleys which beheld their revels are here; and oh, what a comment upon the vanity of worldly greatness! a Fellah was turning his plough around one of the columns. I was sitting on a broken capital under a fig-tree by its side, and I asked him what were the ruins that we saw; and while his oxen were quietly cropping the grass that grew among the fragments of the marble floor, he told me that they were the ruins of the palace of a king—he believed, of the Christians; and while pilgrims from every quarter of the world turn aside from their path to do homage in the prison of his be-headed victim, the Arab who was driving his plough among the columns of his palace knew not the name of the haughty Herod. Even at this distance of time I look back with a feeling of uncommon interest upon my ramble among those ruins, talking with the Arab ploughman of the king who built it, leaning against a column which, perhaps, had often supported the haughty Herod, and looking out from this scene of desolation and ruin upon the most beautiful country in the Holy Land."

Mount Tabor and Nazareth, and their sacred traditions, are next rapidly touched upon; but almost all these are monkish fictions and superstitious appropriations. We shall, therefore, only, in concluding, copy a short paragraph relating to Tiberias:—

"Tiberias was the third of the holy cities of the Jews; and here, as at Jerusalem and Hebron, the unhappy remnant of a fallen people still hover around the graves of their fathers, and, though degraded and trampled under foot, are still looking for the restoration of their temporal kingdom. There were two classes of Jews, Eastern and European, the latter being Muscovites, Poles, and Germans; all had come merely to lay their bones in the Holy Land, and were now supported by the charity of their brethren in Europe. There were two synagogues, and two schools or colleges, and it was an interesting sight to see them, old men tottering on the verge of the grave, and beardless boys, studying in the same mysterious book what they believed to be the road to heaven. I inquired for their rabbi, and they asked me whether I meant the Asiatic or European. I told them the greater of the two, and was conducted by a crowd to his house. I had no diffidence in those days, and invited myself to sit down and talk with him. He was an old man, and told me that they were all poor, living upon precarious charity; and that their brethren in America were so far off that they had forgotten the land of their fathers. Every thing looked

so comfortable in his house, that I tried to get an invitation to stay all night; but the old rabbi was too cunning for me. It was a *fête* day, but my notes are so imperfect that I cannot make out whether it was their Sabbath. All were dressed in their best apparel, the women sitting in the doors or on the terraces, their heads adorned with large gold and silver ornaments, and their eyes sparkling like diamonds. Returning, I noticed more particularly the ruins beyond the southern wall. They extend for more than a mile, and there is no doubt that this ground was covered by the ancient city. The plain runs back about half a mile to the foot of the mountain, and in the sides of the mountain are long ranges of tombs. It was from one of these tombs, said our guide, that the man possessed of devils rushed forth when our Saviour rebuked the unclean spirits, and made them enter into a herd of swine, which ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and were drowned."

Belfegor. 8vo. pp. 134. London, 1837.

Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

THIS is a satirical poem, formed upon the "Novella di Belfegor," of Machiavel, and displays considerable talent, as well as a good ear for that species of versification with which such travesties as Cotton's "Virgil" have made us familiar. As the trite subjects of attack of the day, the author could not keep his hand off the peers, with their proxy votes, or the church, with its wealth and dignities: but with these we shall have no dealings; and, in truth, hardly consider such commonplaces, against which every discontented and fool shoots his bolts, to be the *best* chosen themes of a person of superior ability. *Belfegor* presents us with a debate in the infernal regions on the grand question of women, and whether they are, or are not, such plagues to men as they are accused of being. Like debates elsewhere, the speakers are wonderfully desultory, and rarely speak to the point, but introduce all other subjects and remarks as please their fancies, and far wide of the matter in hand. As a specimen, we may return from one digression to another upon law.

"But, to resume the broken thread:—

To Nickas, as before we said,
The learned judge the law expounded;
Till he, bewildered and confounded,
Was dazzled by th' excessive light
Thrown on it by that sapient wight,
Whose heap of glosses on each text
The monarch's head but more perplexed,
Though never yet was any man decked
With deeper sense than this great Pandect.
However, 'tis to all well known,
Law has a language quite its own;
So dark, it cannot be translated
Except by the initiated;
And they, by phrases technical,
Build round it such a massive wall,
That all who clamber o'er the stones
Get battered heads or broken bones,
Before they reach the darksome cell
Where truth is hid in law's deep well,
The bottom of whose depths profound
No mortal plummet e'er could sound!
Then, marvel not that Nickas's wit,
When law's dark glamour came o'er it,
Like newly bottled beer became
Quite flat—I speak it to his shame—
Until the lengthy exposition
Of Minos, such was his condition,
Appeared to him, he gravely said,
'A glooming light, much like a shade!'"

O law! thou science of all sciences!
Great is thy strength; for 'all appliances
And means to boot,' are used by thee,
Thou Rosicrucian mystery,
Thine is the true alchemic art,
That turns the baseness of man's heart
To thy sole profit, and sets loose
Its passions for thy proper use.—
Thus, as the alchemists have told,
From baser metals making gold.

* "Spenser."

O law! thou undigested mass
Of all that is, and all that was—
Thou dark and puzzling palimpsest,*
On which two meanings are expressed—
The outward, easy to expound—
The inward, quite untrodden ground,
Except by legal folks, who thread
Its labyrinths with practised tread.
Like the philosophers of old,
Two separate rules of faith they hold;†
Their public doctrines preach aloud
To satisfy the gaping crowd;
Reserving for a favoured few
The secret tenets of the crew:
Esoteric doctrines framed with care
To cheat the mass, who only stare,
And marvel at the sleight of hand
They see, but cannot understand.
What's law?—Alas! too many know
What law is— from the debts they owe:
What's law?—the strong and twining asp,
And he, the foot within its grasp,
Struggling, as Laocoon of old did,
The client in its gripe enfolded.
Our Shakspeare talks of law's delay,
And what does Young the moral say?
"Procrastination," quoth the rhyme
Reflective—" 'tis the thief of time."
And, doubtless, 'tis a pity saying
To those by the road-side delayers:
But I would think he further saw,
Called he procrastination, law—
Since 'tis the essence of its strength,
Its width, its breadth, its depth, its length—
The "petty space" 'tween the "day to day"
Creeps on—until the odds pay
Are fearfully against the client,
Whose temper has been too compliant.
Ye gods! how curious 'tis to see
The "fond impossibility"
Shewn by the tribe a suit to finish,
And thus their legal gains diminish—
Still to old precedents referring—
Demurring still, and still demurring,
And like Penelope, unwinding
By night what day's by day been blinding:
Till it begins at last to strike
The client, that his suit is like
The Alexandrine in Pope's song,
Still dragging its slow length along.
But if a chancery suit they handle,
Like oysters brought from Coromandel,

* "Palimpsest"—It was a common practice with the Greek and Latin copyists of the middle ages, to erase an ancient manuscript for the purpose of making room for another on the same parchment. Fortunately for the interests of learning, the eraser either from the imperfection of the instrument, or the awkwardness of those using it, was seldom complete: and this circumstance, added to the indefatigable exertions of Signor Angelo Maio, librarian to the Vatican, has been the means of recovering many of the most valuable productions of antiquity. A considerable portion of Cicero's celebrated treatise "De Republica," was found concealed beneath St. Augustine's "Commentary on the Psalms;" and fragments of an old commentary on Virgil had, in like manner, been removed, to make away for the Homilies of St. Gregory. The Codex Ephrem, one of the oldest and most valuable of the Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, is a palimpsest or codex rescriptus.

† "One, the esoteric, external, or public doctrine; the other, the esoteric, internal, or secret doctrine."
‡ "I have found that lawyers take from seventy-five to ninety per cent on an average; sometimes as high as eight hundred per cent; viz. their charges have been about 250*l.* for what, when taxed, the legal charge was only 30*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*; and taken the greater part in advance, too, stopping it out of money passing through their hands. In twenty years they have thus taken nearer 100,000*l.* than 50,000*l.* from me and mine; their regular law charges alone amounting to upwards of 2500*l.* a year, and under the name of what they call their cash payments—many of which were no payments at all—nearly as much more. In no other country in the world are there, or ever have there been, such abuses of this kind as in England."—*Sir Egerton Brydges' Autobiography.* Thellusson, having amassed 600,000*l.* directed this enormous sum to be accumulated in the way of compound interest, during the lives of all his male descendants living at the period of his decease, and the life of the survivor of them. They were in all 13 persons. The probability was, that the accumulation would last 80 years, and the whole might then devolve upon a minor; when it might be prolonged for 21 years more. The plan has, however, proved a total failure. The expenses of management swallow up so much of the sum produce, that the accumulation is very trifling; while, in the mean time, the testator's descendants are all, more or less (or were within these few years), in a comparative state of indigence."

§ "Loveless."

¶ "A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

‡ "In Carey's 'Present State of England,' published in 1627, the Court of Chancery is especially denounced as 'a gulf without a bottom, never full; a court swelling and ready to burst with causes; and the pleadings are characterized as 'a tale of impertinent matter, with large margins, great distances between the lines, and protraction of

On one of which, some eight or nine
Stout fellows can contrive to dine"—
Lord! how the harpies throng about
Until they suck the substance out!
Since one's sufficient to maintain
A tithe of lawyers in its train.
Meanwhile the owners, standing by
With gaping mouth and staring eye,
Behold their wealth, in spite of Cocker,
Going fast to Davy Jones's locker.†

Perhaps there is a little prolixity in the author, but there is also a good deal of quiet humour. A note upon some railery against the homœopathic system reminds us of an equal medical absurdity in more ancient days, viz. Digby's sympathetic powder. "The above powder (quoth Culpeper, in his 'Dispensatory for Family Use') is used by the miners at Goselaer, in Germany, in all their wounds: and, I believe, was never known to fail. This powder, Mons. Lemery and Sir Kenelm Digby tell us, has also the following wonderful property—that, if it be spread on a cloth dipped in the blood of a wound, so as to incorporate with the blood, the wound would be cured, though the patient were miles off, and never saw the medicine. From this remarkable sympathetic property it derived its name."

We shall conclude with an extract, not unfit for a literary journal: it is a description of Abaddon's reading.

"— His head
Was, doubtless, strangely furnished
With odds and ends, and scraps of lore,
Gleaned chiefly from the days of yore,
When Learning, in a mingled yarn
Of odd materials, kept her warm:
A cloak so large, and strangely made,
The virgin seemed in masquerade;
For, strewn with patches here and there,
Both long and short, and round and square,
It wrapt her in so dense a screen,
Her features scarcely could be seen.

Astrology, upon the back,
Had from his crazy almanac
Copied his circles, squares, and trines,
And sundry cabalistic signs;
Which made Astronomy run wild,
To see her science so defiled.
Then both the elbows (which, from leaning
Upon her desk to find the meaning
Of certain tomes of School divinity,
(Where Sense, split into an infinity
Of slender threads, had lost its strength),
Had fallen into holes at length.)
Were patched with sundry filthy rags
From Superstition's hoarded bags.
Enveloped thus in ancient days,
Poor Learning, in the endless mass
Of this strange garment, which impeded
The wholesome air and light she needed,
Sat brooding o'er, in dull inaction,
Some metaphysical abstraction.

What marvellous, then, since from this source,
Abaddon's knowledge held its course,
"Such reading as was never read"
Crept silly in, and made his head
Resemble, from the crude injection,
A Bibliomaniac's collection!
Where first editions are still reckoned
Far better than the third, or second,
And, though well known to be the worst,
Are prized, because they are the first:
Where, pilfered from the good old times,
Black-letter tomes or nursery rhymes
Are purchased for their weight in gold,
Merely because the date is old—
Although the veriest trash that'er
Made printer's imp or pressman stare.‡

words, with their many dashes and slashes put in place of words.

* "The Coromandel oysters are of such an extraordinary size, that one is frequently found of sufficient capacity (so travellers assert) to assuage the hunger of several persons. On the coast of the island of Celebes, as stated in 'Dampier's Voyage,' they are said to reach a growth equally gigantic."

† "About fourteen years ago, a Mr. Gray left 700*l.* consols for a rupture society; but, the particular society not being clearly designated, several claims were put in. The Court of Chancery only could decide the point, and, in the autumn of 1833, made its award. The sum of 86*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.* was then paid to a rupture society in Southwark; the remaining principal and interest, 744*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.*, being swallowed up in law expenses."

‡ "Pope's Dunciad."

§ "Books are purchased now at extravagant rates, not because they are good, but because they are scarce."—*Gifford's Massinger.*

Large-paper copies, too—uniques,
(Such are the Bibliomaniac's freaks),
Prized not for their contents, but only
Because the precious work's a lonely
Unmarried book, and has no brothers
To grace the unhappy shelves of others.
Scarce manuscripts—(alas! we know
What we such collectors owe,
When Massinger, with genius fraught,
Recurs to the indignant thought)—
Scarce manuscripts to deck the study,
Till some fair cook-maid, sleek and ruddy,
To singe her cursed fowls, bereaves
Poor Learning of the Sibyl's leaves.*
In fact, Abaddon, from his college
Brought with him a great name for knowledge,
Having passed the ordeal with much credit;
And some (twas Beisebub that said it)
Maintained him equal in profundity
To any on the world's rotundity.
Though many, sceptical of this,
Thought otherwise, it passed *rem. diss.*
Among the crowd, who still are prone
To other's thoughts to yield their own:
Its truth I'll therefore not dispute,
Although the blossoms bore no fruit.
For he, exerting great self-knowledge,
Determined, since he came from college,
A sort of literary comet,
No act of his detracting from it,
Should, with his intervening haze,
Obstruct his reputation's blaze:
And, therefore, lingering near the shores
Of Learning, lay upon his oars,
Nor ventured from their shade to creep
Into the bathos, or great deep,
Since numbers in that frothy sea
Had shipwrecked been, and why not he?
No folios, therefore, theological—
No quartos, anti-geological—
Octavos, dry and metaphysical—
Duodecimos, so short and quizzical—
Or in Reviews, no learned article
On men or books, in which no particle
Of the poor author's thoughts are shewn,
But merely the reviewer's own—
Came from him, to bring down this hero
In Fame's thermometer to zero.
Having, in short, obtained the name
Of being wise, which is the same
With many who believe what's false,
The world is pleased to say or wear;
He still contrived to keep his station,
By living on his reputation,
And nursing it with mighty care,
As mothers do a sickly heir.
Such was the imp."

To resolve the original question at last, Bel-fegor is sent to earth for ten years, in human shape, and the following is the result:—

"Behold him then, well fitted out,
Take leave of the eternal rout,
And haste, although with sore mivinging,
Above, to join the quick and living,
Doomed for a space to dwell with men!
Returned from earth, what said he then?
What said he?—Ere a year was gone
He hurried back, so pale and wan,
The wondering demons scarcely knew
Their ancient crouny, real and true,
But thought at first, ere he had spoken,
'Twas some damned soul from limbo broken!
For oh! when asked how he had fared,
The miserable imp declared,
With lifted hands, he'd rather dwell
For twenty thousand years in hell,
Than pass another year of strife
With that infernal plague, a Wife!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare. By the Rev. T. Price. Pp. 462. London, 1838. Scott, Webster, and Geary.

A THOUSAND, and many more selections from Shakspeare; and illustrating his glorious sentiments in moral philosophy, paintings of nature, insight into the human heart, to which the

* "Among the manuscript plays collected with so much care by Mr. Warburton (Somerset Herald), and applied with such perseverance, by his cook, to the covering of his pies, were no less than twelve said to be written by Massinger; and, when it is added that, together with these, forty other manuscript plays of various authors were destroyed, it were really be allowed that English literature has from them sustained a greater loss than by the strange conduct of Mr. Warburton, who, becoming the master of treasures which ages may not reproduce, lodges them, as he says, in the hands of an ignorant servant, and when, after a lapse of years, he condescends to revisit his hoards, finds that they have been burnt from an economical wish to save him the charges of more valuable brown paper."—*Gifford's Massinger.*

reverend author has added Scriptural references, and other notes, which add an interest even to Shaksperian extracts.

Letters on the Natural History of the Insects mentioned in Shakspeare's Plays; with Incidental Notices of the Entomology of Ireland. By R. Patterson, Treasurer of the Natural History Society of Belfast. 12mo. pp. 270. London, 1838. Orr and Co.

ANOTHER charming Shaksperian appendage, in which the bard and the naturalist are made to reflect the most pleasing and instructive light on each other. We select a brief passage relating to the most odious and offensive of insects, to shew how the author has performed his agreeable task.

"To this order (he says, introducing Hemiptera) the bug (*Cimex lectularius*) belongs; but it is a singular fact, and one which shews that this disgusting visitant must have been comparatively little known in the days of 'good Queen Bess,' that although the word bug occurs on five or six different occasions in Shakspeare's plays, it is in every instance synonymous with bughear, and does not designate the insect. Thus Petruchio, unwearied by the description of the 'wild cat,' Catherine, scornfully exclaims to the lovers of Bianca: 'Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs;' and when Leontes, inflamed with groundless jealousy against Hermione, bids her 'look for no less than death,' her reply contains the same word in precisely a similar sense:—

— 'Sir, spare your threats,
The bug which you will fright me with I seek.'
Winter's Tale, act iii. sc. 1.

It is not so, however, with another, to which you would be most likely to apply the words of Jaques—

'Let me speak as little as we can.'
As You Like It, act iii. sc. 2.

The insect I allude to, is that mentioned by Dame Quickly in describing the death of Sir John Falstaff, 'A saw a flea sticking upon Bardolph's nose.' In this order (*Aphaniptera*) the mandibles appear like two little plates: the maxillæ and tongue assume the form of lancets, and the labrum and palpi are altogether different."

Mr. Patterson's notices of insects rare, or peculiar to the north of Ireland, will be found to be of scientific value to the entomologist.

Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa; consisting chiefly of the Figures and Descriptions of the Objects of Natural History, collected during an Expedition into the Interior in 1834, 5, and 6. By Andrew Smith, M.D. No. 1. 4to. London, 1838. Smith, Elder, and Co. Published under the Authority of the Lords of the Treasury.

WE have, on several occasions, had to express our admiration of the exertions of Dr. Smith in the cause of South African Natural History, and of the zeal, intelligence, and courage which he carried into that wide and interesting field of inquiry. Eminently qualified for the task which he undertook, he was chosen to direct the expedition; the fruits of which furnished so ample and instructive an exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, during the last two seasons, and has now commenced that work which will perpetuate, in the closet and library, the knowledge of those curious and valuable acquisitions to science, for which we are indebted to his indefatigable spirit and enterprise.

It is anticipated that this excellent work will be completed in thirty-four parts; and the plates, arranged in the five divisions of *Mammalia, Aves, Pisces, Reptilia, and Inver-*

tebrata, are, nevertheless, to be published promiscuously, and in such a manner, with the letterpress impaged, as will admit, at the end, of whatever classification the purchaser may choose to adopt.

It begins with the *Rhinoceros keiloe* (Smith), a species differing in many respects from the *Rhinoceros bicornis*, but, probably, resembling others, of which the author heard when near the tropic. Whether the latter are, substantially, the fabled unicorn, is not yet determined. The *Rhinoceros bicornis* is next figured, and described with great accuracy; and the *Falco semitorquatus*, the *Chizærhis concolor*, the *Pterocles gutturalis*, the *Otis ruficrista*, the *Sternotherus sinuatus*, the *Varanus albobularis*, the *Bucephalus viridis*, and the *Echinorhinus obesus*, complete the engravings of this beautiful Number. They are coloured after nature, and the scientific descriptions, notice of habitats, &c. &c. &c., of the most satisfactory character.

The Visitor's Companion to the Botanic Garden, Glasnevin, Dublin. By Ninian Niven. Pp. 183. Dublin, 1838. Curry and Co.; Edinburgh, Fraser and Co.; Glasgow, Robertson; London, Houldsworth.

WE remember with grateful pleasure the day we spent in these fine gardens, when the British Association were in Dublin; and we are glad to see so very excellent an account of them, their specimens, and their management, as is contained in the little volume before us. Not only as a guide to Glasnevin, but as conveying useful botanical information to all other quarters, does Mr. Niven's work appear to us to deserve cordial praise. Many of his hints on the culture of flowers, fruits, and vegetables, are worthy of experiment; and his popular notices deserve to be popular.

Historical Tales of the Southern Counties. 2 vols. London, 1838. Saunders and Otley. THESE volumes contain three tales, in which some of the principal events of the reigns of Alfred the Great, William Rufus, and Henry the First are ingeniously interwoven with fictitious deeds and persons; historical facts, however, are made the prominent features, and are merely lightened, not interfered with, by the romance. Many of our readers, more particularly youthful ones, may find blended amusement and instruction in the perusal of these slight narratives.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

AT the usual monthly meeting on Thursday afternoon, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., in the chair, a great number of fellows were elected into the Society. The secretary read the report of the council; it shewed that the total receipts in July amounted to 1999*l.*, including rent of confectionary house, 30*l.*; sum invested since last meeting, 719*l.*: upwards of 40,000 persons visited the gardens and museum in July; the experiments of feeding the carnivora on horse-flesh instead of beef had gone on satisfactorily. Benjamin Hawes, Esq., M.P., was elected into the council, in lieu of Mr. Mackay, who is about to leave this country.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND.

A SOCIETY was formed at Lausanne, last year, for the purpose of collecting materials for a history of Switzerland. The dispersion of archives and historical documents, not only in all the towns, burghs, and communes, but even

among numerous families, at present opposed to a Swiss historian obstacles which can be surmounted only by forming societies, and subdivisions of societies, in the different cantons. Such societies will not write a general history of Switzerland; but they will inspire a taste for the study, and will rescue from oblivion many valuable memorials respecting the political life, the manners, and the civilisation of the Swiss of former days. To judge from the numerous travellers who scour Switzerland, and who publish their observations, their recollections, and even their most fugitive impressions, it would appear that in that country external nature alone deserved to be studied. If they throw a glance over Swiss annals, it is merely to borrow from them some legend, more or less poetical, some dramatic event calculated for exhibition at their theatres. It is true that several learned foreigners have ventured to decide dogmatically on the constitution, the manners, the military system, the commercial interests of a people, among whom they have passed scarcely twenty-four hours; but not one has given to the political history of Switzerland the attention necessary to shew him its importance in the middle ages; that period at which the germs of the modern civilisation of the country began to be developed. Even the Swiss themselves, prejudiced by the slight influence which their country now possesses in the affairs of Europe, believe that if the history of Switzerland possesses any interest, that interest is local, and attaches but feebly to those great revolutions which have agitated society since the fall of the Roman empire, and the philosophical investigation of which, is the most important part of the study of history. The society of Lausanne has set an example, which, if it be followed by the other cantons, must be productive of results, valuable not only to Switzerland, but to all nations; for, placed in the centre of Europe, surrounded by countries which were the cradles or the focuses of civilisation, Switzerland is intimately connected in its own history with the history of the revival of political order, and of the various revolutions in the great principles of civilisation which have occurred from the commencement of the Christian era. The first pages of the "History of the Helvetians," shew them as the enemies of Rome, and as forming, in some measure, the advanced guard of those terrible hordes which, at a later period, invaded and overturned the Roman empire. They compelled a consular army to pass under the yoke. Soon afterwards, the people rose in a mass, and burnt their own towns and villages; and an armed multitude, taking with them their gods, their wives, their old men, and even their flocks, abandoned their native soil, resolved to conquer a new country, in a milder climate. Amidst numerous expeditions of a similar nature, that of the Helvetians has been saved from oblivion by one of the greatest men of antiquity—Cæsar, who resisted it, and who wrote its history. Cæsar compelled the Helvetians to return to their country. Helvetia then became an ally of Rome; at a later period it was reduced to the state of a Roman province. Invaded by the Barbarians, the Alps were the last entrenchments in which the Romans fought—not for the empire of the world, not for liberty, but for life itself. In this mortal struggle, Helvetia was crushed under the combatants. From the ruins with which the fall of the empire had covered her, new nations, and a new order of things arose.—*Abridged from the Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAREWELL.*

FAREWELL, thou green earth! thou thy wild
flow'rs art flinging
O'er paths that await the glad footstep of
Spring;
And wild songs of welcome are joyously ringing
From bow'rs that will bloom at the wave of
her wing.

Farewell, O thou breeze! on the balmy air
flying,
And fanning the fever that burns on my brow;
How sweet is thy voice to the soul of the dying,
As spirits were whisp'ring from blossom and
bough!

Farewell, O thou ocean! whose wandering
billows,
As music have murmured so soft at my feet;
Oh, grant that the turf which my weary head
pillows
May bloom where thy spray on its blossoms
shall beat!

Farewell, O ye skies! on whose azure expansion
So oft I have gazed till my spirit grew sad;
Soon, soon shall I soar to that loftier mansion
Where the weary hath rest, and the mourner
is glad.

And you, ye beloved ones! Oh, blithely and
often

From you I have parted, nor linger'd o'
mourn;
But, oh! is there aught can the bitterness soften
Of parting no more to review or return?

I cannot say peace—for my own heart is broken!
I cannot say hope—there's no hope in the
grave!

And, sad as I gaze on each love-treasur'd token,
Oh, wildly I call on my Maker to save!

But the doom hath gone forth—the destroyer
is straining

My heart with a closer and deadlier grasp:
And the frail tide of life in its last ebb is
waving,

And the spirit that warm'd it hath sunk to a
gasp.

I mourn not for ye, O ye hills and ye mountains,
Where wildly I've wander'd in health's joy-
ous hours;

I mourn not for ye, though my heart's gushing
fountains

Have clad each lov'd haunt with life's loveliest
flow'rs.

But where will ye fly, O ye beautiful voices,
When your music would fall on the ear of the
dead;

And where each lov'd form that my lone heart
rejoices,

When the spirit it shrines from your dwell-
ings hath fled?

Farewell, O below'd one! farewell, and for ever!
'Tis sinful to murmur, 'tis folly to mourn;

Life's web was not woven for sorrow to sever,
Life's hopes have not blossom'd to garland
the urn.

Camberwell.

DRAMA.

Haymarket.—During the last week a slight
two-act domestic drama, translated from the
French, has been added to the stock of after-
pieces at this theatre. The story is touching,
and the hero of it, a French artist, cleverly
acted by Mr. Ranger, who faithfully portrays
the natural vivacity of the Frenchman, mixed

with deeper feelings, when called for by affliction
and distress. Mr. Buckstone, as an attached
servant, makes the most of his part, and is
nightly rewarded for his exertions by the hearty
laughter of the audience. Miss Taylor is natu-
ral and ladylike as the artist's wife, which is
all her part requires. Mr. Hemming and Mrs.
and Miss Gallot do justice to the subordinate
parts.

English Opera House.—We are some eight
days in debt to this pleasant little theatre, with
its agreeable operatic and melo-dramatic enter-
tainments, which we are glad to see attract and
amuse good audiences. A broad farce, called
the *M.P. for the Rotten Borough*, is full of
point and fun, and, acted with life and spirit
by Compton, W. Bennett, Brindal, Turnour,
Lewis, Halford, and Miss Poole, eminently
deserves the success which has attended it.

VARIETIES.

The Nelson Testimonial.—A great meeting,
at which the Duke of Wellington presided,
took place on Wednesday, at the London
Tavern, to promote the subscription for this
somewhat tardy work of national gratitude.
Much enthusiasm was displayed; and, after
appropriate resolutions (excepting the second,
which went out of the way, beyond its own
mark) moved, a liberal accession was, it is
stated, made to the fund.

School of Design, Somerset House.—On Wed-
nesday, a numerous meeting of the members of
this school was held at the rooms of the Insti-
tution, Somerset-house, when the premiums
which had been awarded to the successful com-
petitors were distributed, by the Right Hon.
C. P. Thomson, M.P. This school since its
commencement has already been productive of
the most valuable results, as appeared by the
numerous beautiful specimens of art submitted
for inspection, and promises the most complete
realisation of the hopes entertained by its pro-
jectors. Besides the members assembled upon
this interesting occasion, a large number of the
friends and relatives of the successful candi-
dates of both sexes were also present, who ap-
peared to take a very lively interest in the pro-
ceedings. The following are the names of the
gentlemen to whom the prizes were awarded:—
Silk hangings.—Prize of ten guineas to Mr.
W. C. Wild; testimonial of approbation to Mr.
J. D. Jerard. Ribands.—Prize of five guineas
to Mr. J. Mogford. Shawl.—Prize of five
guineas to Mr. E. B. Clarkson. Carpet.—
Prize of five guineas to Mr. C. Gardner. Archi-
tectural Frieze.—Prize of five guineas to
Mr. W. C. T. Dobson; testimonial of approbation
to Mr. S. Winsor. Tea-cup, Coffee-cup
and Cover, and Saucer.—Prize of five guineas
to Mr. W. A. Papworth; testimonial of approbation
to Mr. I. Brett. Chintz Muslin.—Prize
of five guineas to Mr. T. Ingram; testimonial
of approbation to Mr. G. Duncumb.

The Society of British Artists kindly and
liberally opened the Gallery in Suffolk Street,
on Thursday, to the children of the St. Anne's
Society's Schools. Who knows but such a
sight may kindle sparks from whence painters
may hereafter arise to do honour to British
art?

Polytechnic Institution.—A private view of
this new institution was opened at the exten-
sive premises in Regent-street on Thursday,
and in spite of the bad weather was numerously
attended. In plan it resembles the Adelaide
Gallery, and things of every-day practical want
and utility, as well as the higher order of philo-
sophical experiments, are placed in all their

details, and in actual operation, before the eyes
of the spectators. Of such establishments it is
only necessary to observe, that the more exten-
sive they are, they must be the more valuable
for public information and instruction. The
many various inventions, arts, improvements,
apparatuses, &c. &c. already illustrated at this
institution, deserve great approbation both for
their abundance and the excellent manner in
which they are exhibited and wrought.

Sherwood's Monthly Miscellany, No. 1.
With Alfred Crowquill as an embellisher.—
A new monthly periodical has just started
fairly with the plates (two), and a good variety
of miscellaneous magazine articles. "A Tale of
the French Revolution" precedes some remarks
on publishing and authorship, from which we,
however, withhold our assent: a poem, "the
Stranger," rather long for the size of the pub-
lication, occupies the next twenty-one pages,
but is happily relieved by a humorous classic
parody of the story of Jupiter and Danaë, by
A. Crowquill; which is mated by another
amusing and pun-bested account of a recent
trip in the Nassau Balloon. Notes on passing
events, and brief notices of new works also
appear; and the political views of the Maga-
zine may be gathered from its asserting that
the Duke of Wellington was defeated at the
Battle of Toulouse, and that he overcame Bu-
onaparte, at Waterloo, by having 165,000 men
to 75,000. The editor had better, we think,
stick more to such entertaining and literary
matters as we have noticed, and leave anti-
British politics alone.

Experiment on Railway Speed.—The leasen-
ing the locomotive power, and other means
hitherto employed, in order to stop railroad
trains, and bring them up at stations, &c., are
shewn to be unnecessary. A broker, with a
magistrate's warrant for poor's-rates, can readily
stop the engine by merely standing in the
middle of the road, as it approaches, and waving
his handkerchief. The experiment was
tried last week near Walsall, in Staffordshire,
and completely succeeded.

Railroads.—A comparative statement of im-
provements in railroads and locomotive engines,
by Mr. G. Kollmann, is before us; of which
we can only say, that, if he can realise one-
fifth of what he declares he can effect, and has
produced a model to prove, he will produce a
most important revolution in these most im-
portant concerns.

Céleste.—*Blau Céleste* might be the name
of the very pretty and piquant print of this
popular actress, which has just appeared under
the auspices of Messrs. Hodgson and Graves.
It is thoroughly French in look, dress, and
attitude; and the fine intelligent eye of the
original is not lost in the copy. On the con-
trary, it seems to have declared war against the
whole male sex. Altogether, this is one of the
most naïve and characteristic of dramatic
prints.

Prussic Acid counteracted.—A Sunderland
newspaper states, that Dr. John Robinson, of
that place, has proved, by public experiments,
that the poison of prussic acid is not so certainly
fatal as has been believed. Having apparently
killed two rabbits by four drops each of strong
hydrocyanic acid, he revived them again by
pouring very cold water from a height over the
occiput and spine.

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